B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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THEY CREATE OUR ONLY HEBREW MUSIC
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Editorial Comment

A New King and New Hopes

EVEN the spectacle of a profligate prince elevated to the throne comforts the unhappy Jews of Roumania. This can't bring anything worse than what has been, and might bring better.

Worse off the Jew is nowhere in the world than in Roumania. Before those volcanic events that were to make the world a happier place in which to live the Jews were content there. They enjoyed prosperity, they held positions, they had a good life, and, in turn, contributed to the enrichment of the land.

Joyous were those Jews in Bessarabia when in the partition after the war they were relieved of the Russian yoke and handed over to Roumania. Though a generation had passed the horror of the Kishineff massacre was still a fresh memory. Kishineff had been Russian; now it became Roumanian.

They found they had only changed oppressions. The bludgeons of the Russian masters had been replaced by more refined instrumentalities of destruction, but were no less crushing. By boycott and by a multitude of small discriminations, the blood-flow of Jewish economic life has been all but stopped. The Jew is to be destroyed by unemployment, by throttling his industry and commerce.

A new political order with liberal ideals came into being and Jews took hope and, indeed, helped to carry the banners in the campaign that brought the new government to this success. But the bright banners of freedom and justice are all in the dust, save those which the Jews still carry hopefully; for in the new government the oppressions of the old continued.

And now a new king! Jews were foremost in cheering his accession. They offered him a testimonial of loyalty. If the eyes of other Roumanians reflected the glittering pomp of the occasion, the eyes of Jews glowed even more with glamorous hopes.

They were happy. Life had fallen to desolation but here, at least, was another hope. Thus Jewish life is lived and made endurable in Roumania, from hope to hope.

* * *

A Matter of Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars

IN the city of Columbus, Ohio, there lived a Jew and Ben B'rith, Isaac Jashenosky. Long ago he took to himself a noble devotion. In Columbus stands the Ohio Penitentiary and he made himself the friend of all Jewish prisoners.

It was not one of those patronizing friendships that prisoners generally get. These were his brethren, helpless, and they must be served. Did this one need the

generosity of relatives from whom he had separated himself by reason of his erring ways? Mr. Jashenosky wrote to them asking their indulgence for the sinning one. Did that man who was about to leave the prison need a job that he might stand safely on his feet again? Mr. Jashenosky knew no rest until the man was well placed.

They were still sons in the house of Israel and the comfort of Judaism must be brought to them. And never a week passed without a Jewish service in the prison directed by Mr. Jashenosky and never a Jewish holiday that was not observed there.

He brought his devotion to the local B'nai B'rith Lodge and the Lodge made it one of its altars. Mr. Jashenosky was the chairman of the committee that dedicated itself to the care of prisoners. To the end of his days he was faithful. He did prison welfare work for 55 years.

Now, after his recent death, the lodge thought of a memorial. What, it asked, would be most pleasing to Mr. Jashenosky himself? He had often spoken of the need of a revolving fund for Jewish prisoners. An ex-prisoner fortified by a small loan would go more confidently into the world; his feet would be less likely to stray again.

So Zion Lodge of Columbus resolved to establish a $2,500 loan fund in his memory. Whoever was in need when he was in prison would be assisted; when he was established again he was expected to repay the loan; he would go his way strengthened by the faith of B'nai B'rith.

It seems to us that this is a cause worth the devotion of all B'nai B'rith not only by reason of the fine service to be performed but also because of the noble gentleman whom it purposes to memorialize.

Moreover, it seems to us, that $2,500 is a goal small enough by which to memorialize a man who made a glamorous altar of B'nai B'rith and served there to noble purposes. It is our opinion that a fund of $10,000 would not be too large for the great service to be performed.

Whoever desires to contribute to it may send his gift, large or small, to Mr. Jack Myers, Atlas Building, Columbus, Ohio.

* * *

Our Timeless Old Men

ON a day in August our old men assemble in the synagogues to mourn the temple which was destroyed in Jerusalem in the year 70 of the current era.

This ruin lies somewhere under successive layers of the debris of the several Jerusalems that have stood, been destroyed and been built again.

This is the most miraculous of all the shrines. The Romans were quite sure they had destroyed it. They had parted stone from stone; they had burned all of it which could be consumed. But even today it stands glamorous in the hearts of many men.

To these men this temple is not merely some vague, distant ideal that gives an ache to the heart. It is a living presence.

More amazing still is the fact that the temple has lived thus without ecclesiastical authority or organization in all the ages. Wherever Jews went they took the temple with them, each in his own heart, each his own high priest.

Jews perished in numbers, and whoever survived fled and carried this temple with him and in the morning laid down the spiritual sacrifice at its altar; and in their youth he imparted it to his children in order that it might not perish; and on the Ninth day of Ab he mourned for the stone and brick in Jerusalem, which were far less enduring than the temple that stood in his heart and has stood in the hearts of Jews these 2,000 years.

It has survived powers, pomps and principalities; it stands unbroken above all the ruins of all the faiths which in its times have perished; it is a prodigy of the human spirit. Its immortality is of Judaism, for on that it stands founded.

Though modern men may not share the longing for the literal temple with the patriarchs, they must stand in awe before its living presence in their hearts.

* * *

Jewish Education Without Judaism

WE like the sound of the note that was heard at the Conference of the National Council for Jewish Education in New York: Jewish education without religion is estranging Jews from Judaism.

There seems to be prevalent a form of Jewish education that is emphasizing culture. This is good, but it is not Jewish religion any more than an art course, or a course in literature, or a classical course in the university is religion.

It does not make Jews. It makes dilletantes who add their bit of Jewish culture to their smattering of French, Italian, and the classics. It teaches the mind only, increasing the accumulation of its knowledge; it does not cultivate spiritual life.

Spiritual life is of religion. It concerns those graces of the character, those ethical ideals, that lofty outlook, that sense of kinship to religious prophets by reason of which it may be said of a man, "He is a Jew."

The fundamental of the Jewish identity is Jewish religion, not art which is called Jewish or other cultures that are called Jewish. "Jewish art" will not prevent intermarriage but Jewish religion is the anchor that has held the Jew fast to his people in all the times. Religion has been the preservation of Jewish life.

Let us have Jewish culture by all means but far more let the emphasis be on Jewish religion. Let us have teachers of Jewish culture but even more let us have also as teachers illuminated men and women, spiritual beings, to offer this finer light to the Jewish child.

At this conference on Jewish education one of the speakers was Ludwig Vogelstein, chairman of the executive committee of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, who said: "There is no doubt that the generation which has now grown to manhood is largely estranged from our religion. Judging from my experience, I do not believe these men and women are entirely lost to Judaism. The best elements of this generation will find their way back to the faith of their fathers as they grow older and assume family responsibilities, especially the education of their children. However, having lost one generation in the mad scramble for material wealth and in the course of adjustment of immigrant families to American conditions, let us consider how we can save the children of this generation."

This is a challenge to Jewish education.

hen Anti-Semitism Hurts Business

N the province of Thuringia anti-Semitism is an official disease. The government has it. Its symp- as have been official discriminations against Jews in blic and private life. Jews have been frankly told t they are not wanted. If you know your Wagner u will remember that Thuringia is the scene of nnhauser.

Now, there are delightful summering places in Thu- gia and when the season opened, it was seen that siness was not as good as it had been in former ars. The hotel keepers looked about to discover the use of this phenomenon. . . .

The Jews were staying away from Thuringia this ar! The anti-Semitism of the government was hurt- g business! As long as it cost nothing, no one—save ws—protested against this official anti-Semitism. Un- now it had hurt only Jews; now it hurts business. herefore, anti-Semitism must be rebuked.

The hotel keepers and owners of Thuringian health sorts, organized as the Thuringian Tourists' Union, et in solemn session. Something must be done about is. The Jews were boycotting Thuringia. The Thu- ngian Tourists' Union passed resolutions. An ap- al must be made to all the Jews of the nation. Far d wide the innkeepers broadcast their pleadings in inted form. The Jews they said, should disregard is anti-Semitism. It was nothing. Jews were wel- me to the resorts of Thuringia.

Economic in its origins, anti-Semitism also turns onomic in its effects. The wiser Germans see this ore quickly than the Poles. The Poles have ruined ewish economic life, wrecking Jewish commerce and ewish industry, boycotting Jewish labor. But in tear- g down this Jewish half of the Polish house, the oles have also wrecked their half; for it can not stand one.

So that the economic misery of Jews is accompanied the same misery of Poles. To destroy the purchas- g power of many Jews is to throw Poles out of em- oyment. Anti-Semitism moves in a circle of de- ruction and turns in due course upon the anti-Semite strike him down.

Poles and Jews are crushed in one wreck. A simi- r destruction is taking place in anti-Semitic oumania.

* * *

Who Can Excape Being a Jew?

T seems very hard to escape being a Jew. . . . There is Sergei Eisenstein.

Recently this Sergei Eisenstein, a famous Russian m director, was brought to Hollywood to give his eat talent to the making of better pictures. There- on a certain individual in official position protested. is letter carried references to Jews. He was against is Eisenstein.

Eisenstein was interviewed about this. What did think of it? He smiled.

"It is interesting that this matter should take a Jew- h angle," he observed. "In that regard it happens at my grandfather did not want to remain a Jew any nger. So that lets me out."

Nevertheless, he, the second generation after his randfather, is reviled as a Jew. What escape is there r Jews? Doubtless Mr. Eisenstein's grandfather thought of making life more comfortable for his de- scendants than it had been for him in darkest Russia. He considered the handicaps that were on Jews, the suffering, the revilement.

So he left Judaism, perhaps with certain qualms of conscience which were subdued by the assurance that it was all for the best. The children and the grand- children would have a better life than he had enjoyed. The hateful "djid" would never be hurled at them. They might even come to enjoy social and official dis- tinctions which he, Eisenstein, the Jew, had been denied.

But alas for his careful planning! No sooner does his grandson Sergei rise to fame and fortune than the hateful identity which old Eisenstein so painstakingly tried to put away falls upon him again. The enemy calls him Jew and spits upon him. Aye, and the Jews embrace him, saying proudly, "This is one of our own."

All of which suggests that since there is no escape from being Jewish, it is with Jews to make the best of their lot; to stand with high heads; to serve as men who as Jews have something special of idealism to con- tribute to the common good; to cultivate the in- heritance of the spirit; to suffer, if need be, those bur- dens which made strong the characters of the fathers.

* * *

The Untiring Jew Gives and Gives

SO we read of this Jew and that giving $10,000, $15,000, $25,000 to the new fund of $6,000,000 for the brethren in Poland, Russia, and Palestine.

For others of mankind the call to magnificent giving came to an end with the Armistice in 1918; for us there has been no end of the summons to the heart. It was said in the war-time that the generosity which that sad occasion called forth was good for the souls of men; it turned the eyes of men from looking inwardly and they saw who their brothers were.

With us brotherhood remains not a sweet ideal, an eloquent phrase on the lips, but a social practice. If in the past years we fed the brother, we now turn to help him in order that he may feed himself; if in the past we lifted him to his feet, we now teach him to walk alone.

Nearly 16 years have passed since the first call came to our sense of brotherhood, and we are not yet tired of answering. How enormous seemed that first $1,500,000 for which we were asked in the early days of 1914 when Jews in Eastern Europe were trampled under the Russians and the Germans!

Until then giving had been a matter of small change found in the pocket and we scarcely knew the meaning of sacrifice. We learned well and quickly, and in 1927 we gave $25,000,000 as generously as we had given $1,500,000 in 1914.

Now it is $6,000,000. Already the giving has been begun in New York and shortly the appeal will go to every city, town, and village in which there are Jews. We do not say to you "Give!" We know that you will give. This is written that you may acquaint your- self with the cause that is about to be offered to your heart. It has to do with the rehabilitation of Jews in Poland, with establishing Russian Jews in agriculture, with assistance by which declassed Jews in Russia will be made self-supporting, with the development of Pal- estine under the Jewish Agency.

Soviet Russia's Jews

Citizen Menachem and Comrade Kalinin Tell the Pros and Cons of Their Life in the U. S. S. R.

By LEO M. GLASSMAN

IT WAS in front of the Grand Hotel on the Ploschad Revolutzii in Moscow. I was watching the parade of the Spartakiada, the Bolshevist counterpart of the Olympic games, which were being held at the same time in Holland. From Europe and Asia these athletes, burning with the zeal of the Communist idea, had come to participate with the Russians in a festival of sport that was to vie with the "capitalist" Olympics and fling another challenge of strength and endurance to the enemies of the first workers' and peasants' government in the history of mankind.

Sturdy boys and girls, fine specimens of youth and health, proudly holding aloft the Red banner of revolution, they filed by ten abreast to the strains of the Internazionale and the cheers of the bystanders. At the termination of the Ploschad they swung up sharply toward the Iberian Gate and into the Red Square. There they lined up before the walls of the Kremlin, grim symbol of the Russian soul, from Ivan the Terrible to Stalin the Man of Steel.

It was a tremendously impressive setting; the fantastic Kremlin, the red pile of the Moscow Soviet, the picturesque Iberian Gate, with a glimpse through its portals of that lurid, fascinating mass of multi-colored domes which is the church of Vassily Blazheny; the red-kerchiefed girls and the stalwart boys marching bravely, with the hope of a new world in their not yet disillusioned eyes; the crowds of rough-hewn Russians, some gazing stupidly, others proudly, still others cynically, according to their station and the quality of their experience in the scheme of Russia's new order; and over all the countless red flags, like splotches of blood in the air, flaunting their sanguinary defiance to the universe.

"Excuse me, grazhdanin, are you a German?"

This question jerked me suddenly back to earth. It was addressed to me by an elderly little Jew who had approached me with a timid look in his eyes. He appeared to be intelligent and alert. As I did not think my appearance was particularly Teutonic and as I did not regard myself a "grazhdanin" (citizen) I was somewhat startled; I had not yet become accustomed to the new terminology of Soviet Russia, which had adapted the bourgeois form of the French revolution to its own proletarian usage.

"No, I am not a German."

"Maybe from America?" the little man asked with a hopeful gleam in his eye.

"Yes, an American."

"A Jew, by any chance?" he edged up to me eagerly.

"Of course, a Jew; *sholom aleichem.*"

"*Aleichem sholom,*" he answered, glancing about him furtively.

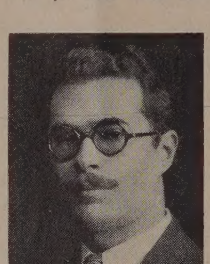
The procession of revolutionary youth, the inspiring strains of the Internazionale, the proudly fluttering red flags faded from the foreground of my consciousness. I had re-established a lost contact; in a flash my subconscious had bridged the gap of two and a half decades, traversed the uncharted course of forgotten years and brought me back to the natal soil. From that moment Russia was no longer a stranger to me but a renewed acquaintance.

The Spartakiada lost its first si nificance. The reactions of a rebe lious American spirit thrilling instin tively to the stirring challenge Russia's red emblem of social revo gave way to the emotions of mem ries reborn. Memories of childhoo in a small Ukrainian town. Dar ghosts of a dark yesternight, they ro up out of oblivion and passed throug the kaleidoscope of my mind. Pett persecutions, frightened eyes, ominou rumblings of an oncoming pogro wave; nights of dread, sitting up full clothed waiting for the worst to hap pen momentarily; then flight and es cape to the new Promised Land.

This little Jew before me was th incarnation of yesterday; the symbo of an uneradicated past projecting it self like a mocking nightmare int the present. But he was also a prob lem: what was his place in the Sovie utopia? He had been liberated fro the yoke of Czarism, set free; he wa no longer a pariah under the knou of a medieval regime; he was equa with his fellow-men, for had not new life and a new freedom come t Russia's hundred and fifty millio children, to all alike, be they Jew o

Leo Glassman and Manuel Rosenberg

were in Russia at the same time. The former was covering news for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency while the latter, who is the staff artist of the Cincinnati Post, was sketching life in Soviet Russia for his paper and for THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE; *his drawings illustrate this article.*



Leo Glassman

Mr. Glassman, who was born in Russia in 1897, came to this country as a boy. Since 1917 he has contributed articles to various Anglo-Jewish publications, and was editor of the Connecticut Hebrew Record in 1923. He later became associate editor of the J. T. A. and spent more than ten months in Russia for that organization during 1928 and 1929. His impressions as recorded in this article, therefore, represent his reaction to Jewish life in Russia as he found it at that time. With conditions rapidly changing in the U.S.S.R., THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE *presents his interesting story as Mr. Glassman's own views on the subject, and not necessarily those of the editors.*—ED.

Manuel Rosenberg

entile, high-born or lowly? Yet why
s frightened *"aleichem sholom"?*
hy the haunted look in his eyes?
here was the key to the new Rus-
a—in the militant stride of the Com-
unist Spartak or in the frightened
yes of this Jew? Was Russia still
ark, and Ahasuerus still stalking its
leak plains?

I remembered my mission. I was
ere to ask questions, investigate, re-
ord facts. This was my first Jewish
ontact in Moscow; the opportunity
as too good to overlook. But my new
cquaintance, who introduced himself
s "grazhdanin Menachem," antici-
ated me, and I thought it was just
s well to let him do the interviewing.

"You come from America, so far
way? It must be good there?"

"It is good for some; for others, it
s not so good."

"But people in your country don't have to worry about their bread and butter?"

"Some people are very poor in America," I parried.

"But there can't be many such. I have a son in New York; he writes me that he is getting along, *boruch hashem,* very well. He sends me money every month. If it weren't for that I would have died of hunger long ago."

He told me his story. He had spent all his years in Fastov, a small town near Kiev, in the Ukraine. He had a store and managed to earn a fair livelihood for his family, which consisted of a wife and three children, blessed be their memory. There had been five children, but two of them, a son and a daughter, had gone away to America, where they were still living. During the invasion of the Denikin bands there was a terrible pogrom in Fastov. It was a Friday night. The Jews were gathered in the synagogue. The soldiers appeared suddenly from all sides, herded everybody against the wall, and the guns began to spit fire. Everything went black before Menachem's eyes and that was the last thing he remembered. When he awoke he found himself lying in a heap of corpses; he had fainted and apparently the soldiers had taken him for dead and left him there. He nearly lost his mind, and walked in a daze for hours. His home was wrecked, pillaged, deserted. He called for his wife, his children, but no one was there. Later he found their charred bodies in a heap of 300 other dead women and children; they had been driven into a barn like cattle and burned by the Denikintzi. He had tried to commit suicide, for what was life to him now, but someone cut him down from the rope and he remained alive. But the thought of staying on in Fastov was unendurable; he decided to go to Moscow. He had heard of the blessings of the Soviet regime, which had abolished pogroms and made the Jew equal with the Gentile. After many weeks of hardship and suffering he had made his way to the capital. The ARA (American Relief Administration) enabled him to keep body and soul together; he did a little work here and there and managed to earn a few rubles from time to time. When conditions became more settled he joined an artel where stockings were knitted. The money which he was required to invest as his share in the enterprise was sent to him by his son from New York. But after a year the artel went bankrupt. Some time later he joined another artel; this met with the same fate. That was several months ago, and now he was idle, living on the dollars his son was sending him from far away America.

"But why did the artels go bankrupt?" I asked him.

He looked at me with sudden suspicion.

"You are not a Communist?" he asked.

When I had reassured him that I was not a Communist he proceeded to explain:

"Well, you see, in the first place, there was not enough raw material, so we were compelled to be idle sometimes for two or three weeks at a stretch. We could have imported some raw material from Germany, but that is forbidden. Everything must be bought from the government, but the government hasn't any money, so it imports very small quantities and by

Mr. Glassman interviewed Kalinin, President of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, in the Kremlin, on Red Square, Moscow.

the time these are distributed to everybody, no one has enough. Still, that would not have been the worst thing, maybe we would have pulled through somehow. The trouble is with those 'fininspectors.'"

"Who are they?"

"They look over every store and artel and put a tax on it. That was what killed us. They taxed us so heavily that by the time we got through paying them there wasn't any money left for anything else."

"Couldn't you appeal to the authorities?"

My acquaintance smiled at me incredulously.

"I see that in America they know very little about conditions here. If we dared to complain against the fininspectors we would go to prison."

I reminded him of the terrible economic poverty of the Jewish population in the Czarist "pale." After all, the economic conditions of the country would tend to become more normal as soon as the Soviet system had established itself definitely. And wasn't it worth while going through a difficult period for the feeling of being equal with all other humans in the land and having the government's protection against pogroms and abuses?

"Yes, we are equals and we have the protection of the state against pogroms. For that we are grateful. But what were the occasional Czarist pogroms compared to the constant brutal pogrom which is being practiced on our people now? All channels of earning a livelihood have been closed to us. Hundreds of thousands of Jews are either slowly starving to death or living on the money sent them by relatives in America. Do you think it is because these Jews are lazy? They want to work, but they are not permitted, because they are not 'pure proletarians.' But that is not all. We are being persecuted spiritually, Jewish practices are held up to the scorn of our children and the teaching of Hebrew is forbidden. Do you know these things, grazhdanin? Do you know how the soul of the Jewish people in Russia is bleeding? Most foreigners do not see anything here, they look only on the surface. They see the beautiful parades, like the Spartakiada, but they do not see the funeral march of Judaism. . . ."

I was surprised at the old man's outburst.

"Surely," I said to him, "you would not prefer the Czar again to the Soviet Government?"

"And why not? The Czar was bad for the Jews, but the Bolsheviks are worse; they are like the Spanish Inquisitors who have made up their minds to exterminate Judaism. Under the Czar we had hoped for a better day, we knew that a better day would come eventually. Today we do not even hope."

His reply was more than astonishing. I expected, almost instinctively, that he would give me a different answer; I had an inner conviction that no Jew in Russia would prefer the Czar to the Soviet Government. Could the situation be as deplorable as he was painting it for me, or was he prejudiced because of the tragic experiences he had gone through since the revolution?

We had walked up from the Ploschad Revolutzii into the great Teatralnaya Ploschad, where stands the impressive Bolshoy Theater. My acquaintance was growing uneasy. He stopped.

"Thank you for talking to me. Now I must leave. In our country it is no good for Soviet citizens to talk much with foreigners. The Gepeu has sharp eyes. . . ."

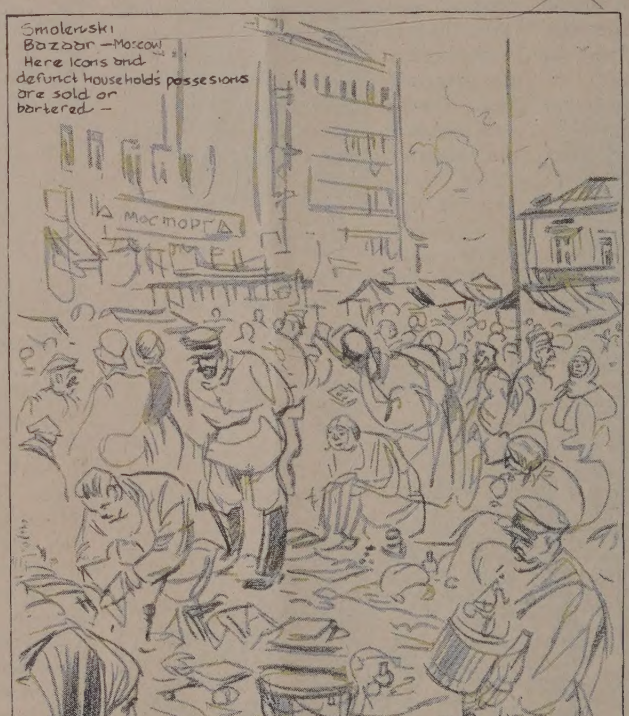
With a hasty "Good-bye" he departed.

* * *

SEVERAL days later I was interviewing Tovarisch (comrade) Kalinin, president of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The subject under discussion was the situation of the Jews in Soviet Russia.

Walking through the tremendous, picturesque gates of the Kremlin, where the stalwart Red guards carefully examined my pass, I wound my way through several streets that comprise the original city of Ivan the Terrible and soon found myself in the office of the Soviet President. He struck me as amiable and gracious of gesture, but hardly unusual or impressive of personality. Almost at once he began to speak rather rapidly, but in a clear, firm, voice.

"Between the years 1919-1921 there took place in the Ukraine and in White Russia 2,500 pogroms in 900 towns, villages and cities. Over 200,000 Jews were killed, leaving some 300,000 orphans; at least 700,000 were left absolutely destitute. Then came the years of hunger in 1921-1922, leaving in their wake more suffering, disease and death. When the Soviet government finally succeeded in wiping out the murderous bands of the Denikins, Petluras, Gregorievs and others, it found itself faced, among its numerous other tasks, with the problem of devising some means whereby the ruined Jewish masses could be placed on a healthy economic basis. The Soviet government was not content with giving the Jews absolute political and civil equality with the rest of the population, nor even with adopting drastic measures, such as had never been employed by any capitalist government, to suppress and exterminate anti-Semitism; it set itself the aim of normalizing the economic life of the Jewish masses and drawing



Many Jews, barred from the professions and trades, and without money, resort to the ancient custom of bartering goods at the Smolenski Bazaar, Moscow.

iem into the scheme of socialist re-)nstruction. As early as 1918, many ews, feeling the hopelessness of their conomic position in the towns, settled n the land in the Ukraine, organizing gricultural artels and communes. hese first efforts were not successful; oreover, they were interrupted by ie hunger period of 1921-1922, which ot only compelled the liquidation of ie newly created agricultural co-peratives, but reduced to destitution iany of the old Jewish colonies which ad existed under the Czar's regime. 'he problem of settling Jews on the and became, however, a part of the rogram of the Jewish communists, hose work in this respect brought bout results in 1924. On August 29 f that year the Central Executive ommittee of the Soviet government ecided to create in the presidium of he Council of National Minorities a pecial committee for the settlement f Jews on the land, or, as it was amed for short, Komzet. This com-nittee was placed under the chairman-hip of Peter Smidovitch, vice-presi-ent of the Soviet Union, which in tself is an indication of how seriously he Soviet government regarded the uestion of solving the Jewish problem.

"The Communist State not only created a special organ for Jewish colonization but gave free land to the Jews. It accepted the co-operation of foreign Jewish organizations which volunteered to help in the colonization work, simply because its own means were limited and the tremendous tasks of socialistic state building were overtaxing its resources.

"The achievements so far? The Soviet government allotted within the first 11 years of its existence over 400,000 desiatin of land for Jewish colonization in White Russia, the Ukraine, and Crimea, and about 3,500,000 hectares in Biro-Bidjan. Altogether there have been settled on the land to date some 150,000 Jews. In Kalinindorf (district of Kherson, Ukraine) where the Jews form the majority of the population, we have established an autonomous Jewish region. The government of this region is conducted by the Jews, the official language is Yiddish in the schools, in all government offices, and in the courts. Other autonomous Jewish regions are being planned. In Biro-Bidjan our plan is to create an autonomous Jewish republic with a Jewish population of at least 500,000 within the next five years." (This specific project was abandoned this year, according to the J. T. A.—Ed.)

Kalinin stopped for a moment and I took the opportunity to ask what the Soviet government was doing for the Jews in the towns and cities. The Soviet President thoughtfully flicked away the ashes from his cigarette. Unlike the rank and file Communists in Russia, who do not smoke or drink, either out of principle or economic necessity, the heads of the government, like Stalin, Kalinin and Rikov, indulge freely in these vices.

"In line with our program of industrialization in the cities," Kalinin proceeded, "we have been striving to proletarianize the Jewish population. In the course of the last two years the number of Jewish workers and clerks has grown by considerably over 100,000, reaching a total today of over 400,000 members in the 'profsoyuzi' (trade unions). The rate of increase of Jewish workers is much faster in the industrial field than in the field of mental and office workers. Jewish labor is no longer limited, as it was under the czarist regime, to tailoring and shoemaking. Take this example, for instance: before the war, the proportion of Jews in the metal industries in Russia was three per cent; today they constitute 15 per cent of the total in these industries. Prior to the revolution, tailoring and shoemaking were almost exclusive Jewish trades; today the Jewish tailors and shoemakers constitute less than 20 per cent of the total number of Jews in the trade unions.

"Moreover, we are trying to turn Jews who at present have no trade into productive workers. Training schools and classes for this purpose have been opened in a number of cities under the auspices of the Komzet and the Yevsekzia. (Dissolved this year.—Ed.) Special allotments for this work have been made by the Soviet government, and, just as with regard to the land settlement, further and larger assignments will be made in our budgets when the means at our disposal increase." * * *

As I walked out of the Kremlin into the Red Square and the noise and clamor of the hucksters and peddlers at the Iberian Gate, I felt disturbed in mind and spirit.

Within a short interval of each other, I had heard two stories; one of despair, brutality and injustice; the other of hope, reconstruction, rebirth.

Who was right—grazhdanin Menachem or tovarisch Kalinin?

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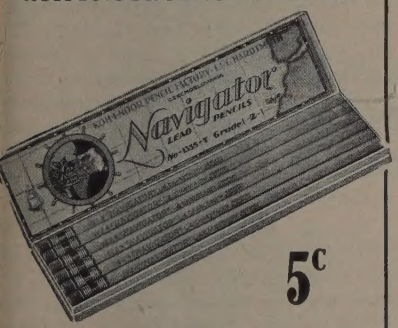

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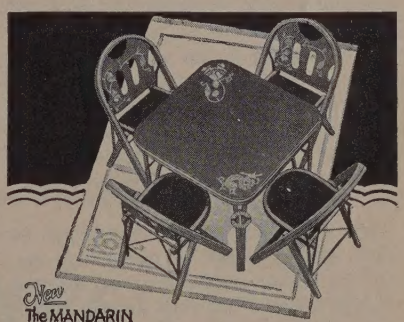

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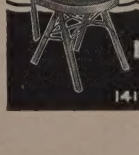

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A Gentile Among Jews

By ADELINE E. DARTT

AFTER five years of service with a Jewish organization, I, a Gentile, am tempted to weigh and analyze my association with a race that is not my race; to estimate its assets and liabilities, and my personal gain and loss, with its ultimate bearing upon my future and its significance in terms of all the relations between Jew and Gentile.

I have read much of the current literature written of the assimilation and the individual prejudices, and my private opinion is, that much of it would have been better left unwritten. My only defense for my own statements are that, based upon the validity of experience, they pretend to no profound conclusion or remedy. They are simply my impressions and reactions to Jewish people, summarized from a four years' daily contact.

I recall vividly the conversation I held with my former employer before I accepted this position and how he argued with me.

"Remember, if you work with Jews, their ethics must be your ethics and their standards your standards. You must not only see things from their point of view if you want to be successful, but it must also be your point of view."

He was right, and knowing that he was right he hoped to discourage me, for that good gentleman had not the slightest doubt but that Jewish standards and ethics must be wrong simply because they were Jewish.

He did not discourage me. He helped me. I remembered his words and I remember them still. They prompted me to try and find out just what Jewish ethics and standards were, and how they differed from a Gentile's standards. I must confess I am still seeking that difference. In religious thought, training, and observance, there is, of course, an obvious difference, but there is also an obvious similarity in the application of that training. I have watched a sternly religious Jew and have seen his fervently bigoted opposition to the yearning of his children for the flesh pots of Egypt. I have seen him drive them to open revolt by his insistance upon conformance to ritual. On the other hand, I recall a Puritanic Christian neighbor and the open revolt of his children against the observance of the prohibitions and inhibitions of their doctrinal faith. The outward symbols of Jewish and Christian sabbaths may differ but the intolerant adherence to the law remains the same. Rising out of the religious and the ritualistic into the debatable ground of the ethical, it is difficult to draw distinctions. So much of our ethics is individual and quickly changing, that I feel too ignorant of the history of race culture, be it Aryan or Semitic, to make any fine distinctions. Personally, I found differing interpretations of values but nothing I can label as fundamentally a race distinction. So many factors entered into these interpretations: environment, family background, education and degree of intelligence. And I am, after all, only recording impressions.

My first year in a Jewish environment was marked by several distinct emotional changes. My first response was a strong throw back to the religious teachings of my earlier years. Brought up in the formal and somewhat stylistic atmosphere of the Episcopal church, I became again, in that year, a good Church-woman. I observed Lent with more devotion than I had since my adolescence. I gave freely of my spare time to church activities. My explanation was that I felt I owed service to my own faith when so much of my time was given in service to an alien group.

Keeping pace with my aggressively Christian attitude was an equally aggressive pro-Semitic one. I became one of those despicable Gentiles who, with their glib, bromidic phrase, "I have so many good Jewish friends!" do more than any avowed enemy of the Jew to keep alive the spirit of anti-Semitism. Such a remark is a conscious and constant reminder of the fact of race difference. I became also sentimentally loyal to the Jew. I chanted his sufferings and his virtues and I would not jest about him. I lost my sense of proportion and my sense of humor. But I did one thing in that first year that was good. I set out to know all I could about the Jew, objectively. I read Jewish history. I read Jewish literature in English. I prowled about a well-known Jewish book-store. I ate in Jewish restaurants. I visited the synagogues, Reform and those Orthodox that would allow me within their sacred portals. I studied Jewish traditions and religious customs and I picked up colloquial Yiddish phrases.

The end of the year found me vastly ignorant and shamefully tactless, but vitally interested and more changed than I yet imagined. The second year began my subjective contact with the Jew. The first year I had known my associates as Jews, now I knew them as human beings. I discovered for myself the intellectual Jew and met him on a half-social plane. I shared with him his vast store of emotional learning. I label it emotional because I found he felt the things other people dissected and studied. Through him, I saw plays with a new understanding, heard music with a keener appreciation, and I find expressing the effect of this second year difficult. It was a year of groping towards a very lovely but indefinite acquisition of something beyond my ken, and a year of discouragement. I could not classify this phase of Semitism. I could not read up on it. I must feel it and I realized how utterly lethargic and dulled my apperceptions were. Here was the essential racial difference I failed to find in ethical standards. Individuality did not enter into it, for when I returned to my Gentile group I found no lack of emotional response on my part to their even flow of ideas, but on the contrary my own feeling seemed an exaggerated thing as if the rouge on my cheeks was too deep or the polish on my nails too shining. Yet in the Jewish group of my daily contact I seemed too deadened, too controlled, and too quiet.

So the second year ended in a cloutish futility. I had tried to warm my own reactions at the fire of an emotionalism deeper than my own, and I had failed. I wanted not to know but be the Jew and I could not.

My third year was a deepening and clarification of the issues of the second. At last, through the stages of study of the Jew as a specimen and of an intellectual and emotional enthusiasm for him, I came to know him socially. I had known Jews socially before and intimately, but they were isolated instances superimposed upon a Gentile background. But this time I was the Gentile, an isolated instance upon a Jewish background. I found

yself attending their parties, visiting eir homes, always racially in the inority and sometimes the only one my race. I liked these parties and t, many times, judged by my early aining, they seemed crude. Often ey lacked finesse and social dainti-ss. Hosts invited too many guests r the space of their cramped apart-ents and the guests talked too loud d stayed too long. But the evening ad a zest and sparkle I had never nown in social gatherings before. I metimes came away confused and rain weary, but I never came away ored. I may have found crudities t I never found vulgarities, and al-ays somewhere I touched beauty. I ould not turn with facility to Gentile atherings. They were colorless and struck a false note in many of them. missed the brilliance of the Jewish roup, unbalanced as it may have een.

I felt, perhaps the Gentiles I knew ere an unfair comparison to the Jews knew, and I weighed them one against he other. I could find no intellectual nferiority. My Gentile friends were or the most part college bred, success-ul in business or professional life. o were my Jewish friends. The entiles represented good American tock. The Jews were pure Semites. do not believe th re was an in-llectual inferiority, but I do be-eve there was, on the part of the entile, an emotional inferiority. Ie was and is un-ble to feel the ning he knows nd if he does eel it, to express in group inter-hange of thought. am tempted to robe deeper into ne reason for his, back through ne ages of Anglo-axon dominance nd materialism nd the imposed estraint of a doc-inal Christianity gainst the im-osed intimacy f generations of hetto life, of a oving Oriental ex-tence where lack f dominating ower and outlet material things ust have neces-arily forced to life he development of an intellectual stimulus. But the time is not here nor am I scholar enough to prove my thesis. I mentioned it merely as a suggestion for him who reads and understands to follow through.

Whatever the reason scholars may deduce, my own reaction to the Jew is just this: he has a zest for living whether he expresses that zest in religious ritual, intellectuality, or financial power. This zest creates about him a glamor and a color which the Gentile cannot equal and cannot imitate. The latter stands, a small child peering through the fence at his neighbor's party. It is all lovely and gay and bright and fun to watch but he soon tires of his inactive hole, watching fun he does not share. So he does one of three things. He wanders in to the party self-invited, or he goes off and trys to make a party of his own, or he says he did not want to go to his neighbor's party anyway and it's no good.

The Gentile who goes away and says the party is no good, deserves no quarter. He is jealous of a vividness and color he does not understand and his sour grapes attitude creates the obvious anti-Semitism which we all know too well.

The Gentile who makes his own party in imitation of his Jewish neighbor is the individual who seeks to create out of envy qualities he recognizes as desirable but knows he does not possess. He would like to have as part and parcel of himself the shrewdness, the emotionalism, and the color of the Jew, but his imitation makes color vulgarity; intelligence, intelligentsia; and ritual, formality. He, therefore, sees and decrys Judaism in the terms of his own creation. And Jew and Gentile alike despise him for the unreal thing he is.

In the child who invites himself to the party, I visualize myself. I am the Gentile who has crawled through the fence only to realize how little he can ever belong. The games have all been learned. The party was started long before he came. While he may share the gay responses, he is not en rapport. And yet, he can not bear to leave the warmth and color and go back through the palings of the fence.

So am I and so is every Gentile who has materially and for any length of time entered the Jewish world in an anomalous position, clinging to our own racial background with a fear that we may lose its non-Jewish prestige, and yet equally fearful that we may lose the stimulus a Jewish atmosphere has provided.

I have attempted only to formulate my retrospective analysis of four years as a Gentile among Jews. I offer no solution. I pretend to make no contribution to discussions of the Jewish problem. I pass no opinion on race assimilation or segregation. I can only honestly say that life holds more color and more interest for me because of my association with and at least partial understanding of Jewish people. But this one conclusion, if conclusion I can call it, I do make. No matter what our individual gain or loss, every Jew or Gentile who enters into the other's environment, loses enough of his original concept of life and gains enough of his racial neighbor's so that he is destined to become and remain within his generation, "Neither flesh nor fowl, nor good red herring!"

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America and Palestine

The absorbing story of 160 years of American-Palestinian Relationship in which Colonial clergymen, Jewish pioneers, fanatical "prophets," authors, dramatists, and humorists, diplomats, and presidents, philanthropists, soldiers and legislators all played an interesting and important role from the beginnings of the American Republic to our own day.

By LEON SPITZ

AMERICAN - PALESTINIAN relationship is not a recent phenomenon. On the other hand it traces its source to the very beginnings of the American republic. As a matter of recorded fact it even antedates the event of American Independence.

From the *Literary Diary* of Ezra Stiles, Yale President, edited by Professor Baxter, the Jewish interest of which has been compiled by Dr. George A. Kohut in his volume on *Ezra Stiles and the Jews*, we learn that the first of a line of Rabbinic visitors, *Maggidim* or *Meshulochim*, from the Holy Land to America, arrived at Newport as early as 1759. He was followed by a Rabbi Samuel Cohen from Jerusalem, who spent some six months at Newport and discussed with Dr. Stiles, then a local congregationalist clergyman, the topography of Palestine and the reputed inscriptions on Mt. Sinai.

In 1773, Rabbi Chayim Isaac Karigal of Hebron preached from the pulpit of the Jeshuat Israel Synagogue, and also furnished the learned Gentile Zionist with considerable information about the land. It appears that the Jewish population of Eretz Israel in those days totalled some 2,000 souls in eight communities which housed 12 synagogues. More visitors were welcomed both at Newport and at New York in 1775.

What is even of greater interest is a letter written in Hebrew addressed by the Sephardic Rabbis of the Hebron community to a Mr. Isaac Hart of Newport in 1763, which the latter brought to Dr. Stiles. The epistle stated that the Turkish Governor had levied a special tax of 25,000 piastres upon the Hebron community and that the leaders were therefore constrained to appeal to their brethren in America for assistance. It also mentioned that two delegates *(Meshulochim)* would be sent to the New World, but they never arrived.

However, Dr. Stiles was intensely interested in the Holy Land and directed an inquiry in Latin through a learned Jew, whose name has not been preserved, to the Greek-Russian Patriarch regarding the fauna and flora of the Holy Land, the ratio of Jewish, Christian and Moslem populations, and also asked for a chart of the Jordan River, and for maps of Galilee, of the Lake of Chinereth, and the Dead Sea. Dr. Stiles, the Gentile Zionist, stands out as the first to attempt some sort of a survey of the Palestinian problem.

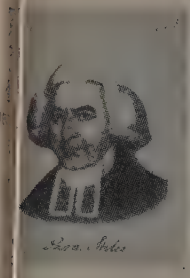
The next American to take an interest in Palestine was a Jew, and one who is often spoken of as the most spectacular personage of the century, Major Mordecai M. Noah. Major Noah, though he was American consul at Algeria, did not visit the Holy Land, but after his project to found a Jewish City of Refuge at Ararat, near Niagara Falls, had utterly failed, bethought himself of the potentiality of a Jewish State in Palestine and devoted the last few years of his eventful career to the advocacy of this project.

At just about the same time, an American convert to Judaism, Warder Cresson, was thrilled with a similar vision, and set about to realize it in some measure. A rich farmer and Quaker from Philadelphia, he made the acquaintance of Rabbi Isaac Leeser and secured appointment as the first American consul at Jerusalem from the Polk administration in 1840, and remained there for four years under the administration of President Zachary Taylor. While there, he became intimate with the Sephardic Rabbis at Jerusalem, became a full fledged Jew, returned to Philadelphia, liquidated his affairs, divorced his Christian wife, and resigned the consulate. Upon his return to Jerusalem he married a Sephardic Jewess, became a leading factor, and his body was interred in the Mount of Olives.

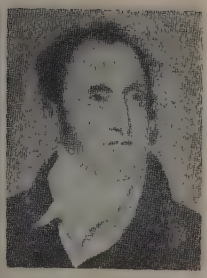
Sir Moses Montefiore was also operating with a fund of $60,000, which came as a bequest from Judah Touro, the donor of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1854. Twenty homes and two Synagogues, one *Sephardic* and the other Ashkenazik, were erected out of this fund made available by the generosity of the American Jewish philanthropist, the son of a Rabbi. It appears that at one time, while a youth, Touro had been a supercargo on an American merchant frigate which operated in Mediterranean waters, and might have landed at a Palestinian harbor, but his interest in Palestine certainly came from the inspiration of his father. Sir Moses mentions the efforts of Cresson in his Diary, and it is not impossible that the proselyte's propaganda had borne fruit in that direction.

Quite awhile later another Jewish philanthropist, Sampson Simpson of New York, a Columbia University graduate, bequeathed the sum of $50,000 towards Palestine reconstruction but it was successfully contested by the testator's heirs, despite the fact that the late Louis Marshall appeared on behalf of Palestine.

The famous American humorist, Mark Twain, also found himself interested in a Yankee colonization project in the Holy Land which had been promoted by a religious enthusiast from the State of Maine, a Mr. J. J. Adams, in 1865. This is how it all came about. A group of wealthy Americans had organized a Mediterranean cruise which was to include Palestine. The Brooklyn preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, at the last moment was prevented from joining the passengers and his place was taken by Mr. Clemens of Hartford (Mark Twain). After a short stay at Alexandria, Clemens and several others made the desert trip by camel caravan, and near Jaffa came across the wretched colony of Maine Yankees whom their fanatic "prophet," a former actor and preacher, had led to Palestine, with the promise of delivering them from the impending flood which God in his wrath would visit upon all the world outside of Palestine. One hundred and fifty persons had joined that pilgrimage, had purchased ground, built homes, and settled in that colony, but the malaria and the lack of means told against them. Mark Twain observed that lack of irrigation facilities and the heavy taxation of the Turkish system would be insurmountable obstacles to over-



Ezra Stiles



Mordecai Noah

Henry Morgenthau

Stephen S. Wise

Louis D. Brandeis

Louis Lipsky

These men played prominent parts in American-Palestinean affairs, from Revolutionary days down to the present.

Felix Warburg

come, and he persuaded the publisher of the New York Sun to pay the transportation of about 50 of these Yankees. The rest stuck it out with Mr. Adams.

Of great interest is the following episode. A group of Lithuanian Jews from Ponievez had decided to found a village in Palestine and had communicated through Rabbi Mattathias Strashun of Vilna with this American, with the view of securing first hand information about Palestinian colonization. Adams encouraged them greatly and his inspiration furthered the cause of *Chibas Zion* in Poland and Eastern Europe generally. The site of the Adams colony is now built up with houses, and that valley which leads from Jaffa to Tel-Aviv is still known among the Arabs as the "American Street."

During the administration of General Harrison, an influential American clergyman, a Rev. Mr. Blackstone, wrote a pamphlet which he addressed to the President and petitioned for the restoration of the Holy Land to the Jews. It was this president, possibly influenced by the address, who appointed the first Jewish diplomatic representative to the Porte at Constantinople, which included Palestine in its jurisdiction—the Jewish merchant prince and politician, Mr. Solomon Hirsch of Portland, Oregon, in 1885. Emma Lazarus, celebrated American Jewish poetess, the friend of Bryant and Emerson, was writing "Epistles to the Hebrews" in *The American Hebrew* in those days, advocating in fiery words the Zionist cause, long before there was an official Zionist organization either in America or on the continent. It was one of the contributing factors of Palestinian propaganda in the land, so that when Herzl's call was sounded, Prof. Gottheil attended the First Zionist Congress and in company with Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, founded the Zionist Organization of America some 32 years ago.

In the meanwhile, Oscar Straus, commissioned by President Roosevelt as American Ambassador to Turkey, had met Herzl and had been helpful to him at the Porte, and protested on behalf of his government against the expulsion of American Jewish citizens from Palestine after a stay of three months.

But it was the Great War which swung the supremacy in practical Zionist affairs to the United States. Dr. Shmarya Levin, and earlier Nahum Sokolow, together with Jacob De Haas had interested Justice Louis D. Brandeis in the cause and secured his leadership of the Provisional Committee for General Zionist affairs. The American Zionist leaders through the American Jewish Congress and due to the good offices of President Woodrow Wilson co-operated in the promulgation of the Balfour Declaration. They also shouldered the responsibility for emergency relief and the material reconstruction of Palestine. The U. S. State Department commissioned the U. S. S. S. Vulcan to carry food supplies to the population of Palestine. Some 2,000 foreign born Jews in America were mustered into the Jewish Legion for the conquest of Palestine. Ambassador Henry Morgenthau rendered service in distributing relief. Brandeis visited Palestine and an American Zionist commission, headed by Prof. Harry Friedenwald, seconded the efforts of Dr. Weizmann in the Holy Land.

In 1921, came the Cleveland convention and the rupture between the Weizmann and the Brandeis factions, but Zionist work went on. The Brandeis group organized an Economic corporation for Palestine which still operates. The Zionist administration, headed by Louis Lipsky, secured the recognition of the American government for the Balfour Declaration by a joint resolution which was introduced by Hamilton Fish of New York in the House and by Cabot Lodge of Boston in the Senate, and was unanimously carried in both Houses of Congress during the Harding Administration.

Judah L. Magnes

While this political activity was going on, many millions of dollars were collected through the Keren Hayesod and the United Palestine Appeal, which were forwarded to Palestine and there disbursed with the co-operation of Ambassador Abram Elkus, who succeeded Morgenthau. The visits of Dr. Weizmann, Bialik (Hebrew poet laureate) and Vladimir Jabotinsky, largely stimulated American Jewish interest. Felix Warburg and Mrs. Sol. Rosenbloom took to heart the Jerusalem Jewish University and Dr. J. Leon Magnes of New York became its first Chancellor. Felix Warburg has also succeeded Louis Marshall in the leadership of the Jewish Agency for Palestine jointly with Prof. Weizmann.

American Gentile interest in Palestine is also currently evidenced by the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. of Jerusalem, the American Oriental School, and the Rockefeller Museum, which is now being projected. The latest disturbances in Palestine have also evoked expressions of sympathy from President Hoover and many other distinguished Americans.

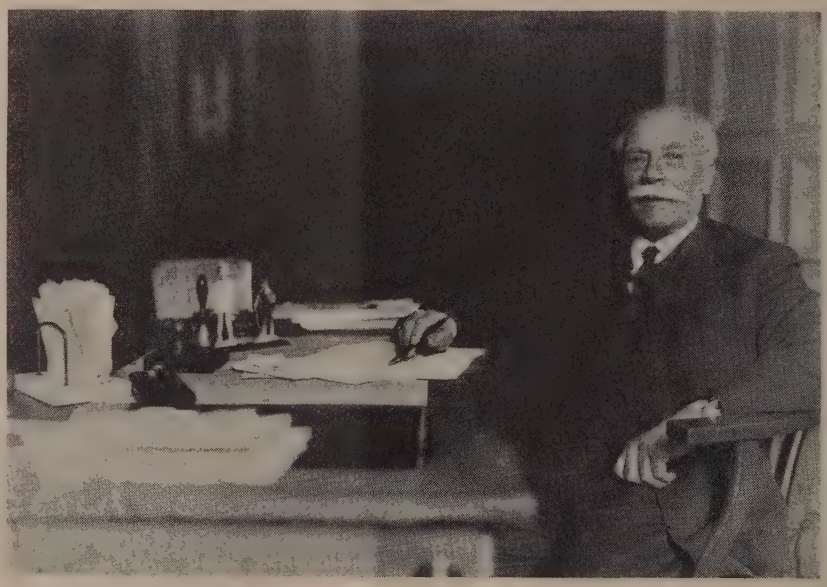
AROUND THE WORLD WITH MEN.. ..AND BOOKS

by Jacob DeHaas

An Aged Russian Jewish Jurist

YEARS ago the late Joseph Jacobs wrote an interesting, but now forgotten essay on "The Dying of Death." Jacobs, who was of a mathematical turn of mind, anticipated those actuaries who from time to time comfort us with the announcement that our generation enjoys a longer spell of life than did the previous one. In fact he went the makers of "life tables" one better; he showed by an analysis of current literature that morbidity had gone out of style.

The statistics remain to convince those who are influenced by figures; the wider truth is that we have come to look at life from a new angle, that we resist the encroachment of the years, and decline to yield as did our grandfathers, to old age. All of which moralizing preoccupied me one day last summer, as I sat on a bench overlooking the lake at Zurich, talking to an octogenarian who was sprightly, eager, and as buoyant as though all life was still before him.



Judge Jacob Teitel

Judge Jacob Teitel, the solitary Jew in the Russian judiciary during the Czarist regime, had heard that I was interested in meeting him, and as he had come to Zurich to witness the opening session of the Jewish Agency conference, swinging his cane, and walking with a fast clipt step, he called on me at the Bauer au Lac. I did not interview him. For one thing I knew no more about him than the notice of a book of his that I read in the local Zurich paper. What he asked of me was prompted by curiosity concerning third persons, and what I wanted to know of him he promptly told me I would find in his book. His well-set, sturdy figure, his wrinkled face, bushy eyebrows, and bristling white moustache reminded me more of a retired but vigorous military officer than of a member of the legal profession. Obviously he was a Jew, and yet a wholly different type of Jew from the hundreds of Jewish individualities who were at that moment swirling about Zurich. We all, if I may coin the metaphor, come out of the same mould, but seem to wriggle out of it differently, and so disappoint the anthropologists.

There is just that about Jacob Teitel which compels you to space him apart in a Jewish gathering. Presumably the distinction is described as personality. It impressed me otherwise, and since I read his book I conclude that the fine shades that mark the man are the earmarks of a lifelong profession which called for awareness, observation and quick decision. His book contains the recollections of a "Jewish judge in old Russia." He was for the major portion of his life an "investigating magistrate" but what I, to come closer to functionaries with which my readers are familiar, would describe as "district attorney." Though it is something more than that. It is a remarkable thing for a professing Jew to have held such a position for 40 years in Czarist Russia. And a Jew to boot who, while no orthodox, never concealed his Judaism or his Jewish affiliations; who but for one accident might have become a rabbi, and who but for another, might have devoted his life to playing the part of journalistic defender of his people. In fine a very self-conscious Jew who in his later days has devoted no little of his strength and energy to coping with Jewish problems.

II

TEITEL lives today in Germany and despite his years is the active President of the Union of Russian Jews in Germany, an organization devoted to aiding the refugees who have fled from the assaults of the Soviet system. Dubnow the historian, who has written a foreword to Teitel's reminscences, regards him as "a sacrifice of the All-Russian reaction" who, when the new pogroms came in South Russia, "with thousands of other refugees took up the wanderer's staff and so contributed to the break-up of the greatest Jewish center in Europe." Teitel, who long ago believed that center should be broken up, regards himself as less typical, though he sets down the circumstances of his old age in moving words:

> "Sitting in a cold damp room, the temperature three (Centigrade) below zero, in a fur coat, cap and goloshes, I dictate my recollections to a group of young

ien who surround me, and who
arm me with their honest love."

he precision tells the suffering but
e is no other murmur. Teitel
rs no air of tragedy, and Gorki,
also writes a brief introduction,
aks of his friend's broad humanity,
native hospitality and a kindliness
deprived his choler in debate of
impressiveness. Gorki underscores
trials and tribulations of an exam-
g magistrate in Samara, who be-
se he was an unbaptized Jew was
arded as a "dark blot" on the
sian judiciary system.

Behind that phrase lurks a world of
gestion: Jew and police official in
aara, outpost on the high road to
eria, where the peasants furtively
bundles of food at their doors for
fugitives and vagabonds who hur-
through in the night! A sort of
of refuge where liberals and radi-
were permitted to herd, where
was led under the surveillance of
higher-ups, who took keen notice
what was happening there, and in
ch Jacob Teitel and his wife kept
n house and under his official shield
mitted and encouraged free speech.
tle wonder that Gorki and a host
liberal writers who became friends
nd ease in Samara. But what of
Jew who risked so much, and who
used higher office at the price of
otism? Peace has its heroes and
nands of them a greater moral cour-
, a more persistent front than do
drums and trumpets of war.

Sitting here in the ease of a spring
ening finishing Teitel's book, a very
ple, honest book, I understand the
imism that suffused my vis-a-vis as
sat by the Lake at Zurich. He is
ero who knows not what heroism is.

III

HERE is no pretense about this
man. He tells us that he is a native
TSHORNYJ OSTROW, in Podolia,
i is not sure whether he was born
1850 or in 1851; but at his age a
ar makes no difference, so he prefers
earlier date. His grandfather was
miller and a distiller, and he whim-
ally adds that despite the fact that
th his grandparents indulged in a
rning nip of "Kirsch" his grand-
ther lived to be 101, and his grand-
ther 94. I fear me that notwith-
nding the prohibitionists Teitel
nks that morning nip a good prac-
e. His father, too, was a distiller.
knew both Polish and Russian well,
d because of these linguistic attain-
nts, to which he added the capacity
being able to compose verse in
ebrew, he was voted a "freethinker"
and an atheist. Perhaps his habit of wearing western clothes in a community that clung to the kaftan led to these aspersions on his religiosity, for young Jacob went to *cheder* and believes that had his mother lived she would have forced him to become a rabbi of the old standard type.

He proclaims the fact that he was no great scholar in his boyhood and had to find his way into the easiest high school and was thus lured by a natural chain of circumstances to go to Moscow where he resided with a relative with whose daughter he promptly fell in love, married, and never regretted the adventure. In the meantime he studied law and graduated in 1875.

IV

TEITEL is less interested in telling stories of his judicial experiences than in relating details of his non-professional life. Thus at the outset of his career he was so much impressed with the rising tide of anti-Semitism in Russia that instead of becoming a lawyer he wanted to become a Jewish journalist. The honeymoon of liberalism was over in the Russia of 1875, and this youth, without means or influence, foreseeing what was in the making, issued a call to the Jews of Russia to finance a great Russian daily which would champion the cause. He tells a characteristic story of failure to enlist support. The poor were willing, but the rich would not rally to the cause. To us the incident is the more interesting because when Teitel set out on his self-imposed championship in 1875 he was anticipating the grievous outbreaks at Balta and Elizabethgard which in 1882 shocked the whole Jewish world into a recognition of a condition which has left its trail upon every Jewry throughout the world.

At that Teitel is not a partisan and his negotiations with the Portuguese government for a Jewish state in Angola, in which he represented the I. T. O., and which came to an end with the outbreak of the world war, were in the nature of an accident rather than expressive of some conviction in favor of Territorialism or Zionism. Official life pursed his lips and he even tells the story of the Constitutional Riots in Saratow in October, 1905, with the exactness of a much worried official more intent on the correctness of his observations, and the accuracy of procedure, than of stirring the emotions of the reader.

There were at the outset of his career a few Jews in the Russian judiciary. Gradually by death and official changes their number dwindled. Teitel held tight to his post in Samara. Decades passed. At length he was appointed judge in Saratow, and preferred the criminal court. If he writes with feeling it is in his objections to the procedure and system of the civil courts. Reading between these tightly drawn lines we gather that he knew one thing as District Attorney, to wit; that if a case was moved up to a higher jurisdiction, no angel could undo "the due process of law." He was a Jew and a humanitarian, the one Jewish official of his type in Russia. To rescue the victims enmeshed in regulations was no small job. He does not tell much about it. Perhaps even now he does not think that quite safe. But he does relate how the community of Samara grew, how the Jews settled there in increasing numbers, and how the officious chiefs above him, every now and then, pounced upon him for an explanation of the increase of the number of Jews and the small proportion of the cases which he sent to the courts of higher instance. The imagination fills that space with hundreds of tear stricken faces. He beat the devil around the stump a thousand times, but eventually the system got him too. He was made a full judge and his resignation was demanded. A Jewish judge was a blot on the scutcheon and so on January 1, 1912, Teitel's enforced resignation was accepted and the Jewish stain removed from the Russian courts.

V

AT the opening of the world war Teitel went to South Russia and came in conflict with 15 successive governments. But Teitel thinks little of the details of this epoch. His mind is occupied with another thought and he closes his book with a story of what happened in his youth in his native village. It was Kol Nidrei. The synagogue was full and the congregation waited for the rabbi. And the rabbi came not. The congregation waited, and still the rabbi came not. At last a committee was sent to seek the rabbi and they found him in the mud hut of a poor Jewish family. The aged rabbi explained that as he was passing the house on his way to the service he heard the crying of a baby. So he entered and discovered that both parents had gone to service and left a weeping baby in the cradle. And believing that God was more pleased by simple kindness than by all prayers, he had left the congregation to pray while he nursed a screaming, frightened child.

Joseph Goldberger: One Who Served

By A. L. SHANDS

IN Austria-Hungary, where he was born on July 16, 1874, Joseph Goldberger lived on a farm. In New York his father owned a grocery store on the East Side.

Now, between a farm and a grocery store there are many differences, but both deal in food. One grows it; the other distributes it.

What Goldberger noted in his early life, then, was that there are foods and foods. Some are good and some are better. On some you grow fat and on others lean. After protracted indulgence in one kind you are energetic; after indulgence in another kind, listless. And because his father and his brothers all had to scrape to send him through school and college, because he learned from experience the devious ways, the subterfuges, of economy, Goldberger knew too that while all people eat, some don't eat well enough because they can't afford it. He lived on the East Side, so he didn't need the grocery counter to tell him that; but it underlined the point.

He never forgot that. Even when he became a bacteriologist of note he did not forget that a kind of starvation that has nothing to do with the amount of food you eat can work as much havoc as the most virulent bacterium.

Perhaps his familiarity with bacteria bred in him a certain contempt for them. During his various investigations for the Public Health Service he contracted yellow fever, typhoid, dengue fever, and at 55, in January, 1929, he died of another malignant disease.

He joined the Public Health Service in 1899, after studying at the College of the City of New York and Bellevue Hospital Medical College. In 1913 he attained the grade of surgeon and the following year was placed in charge of the pellagra investigations for which he will be best remembered.

That year the disease—it was called a plague, because the notion prevailed that it was contagious—was ravaging the Southern states. In Mississippi alone there were 1,192 cases of it. It started with a sore mouth or a skin

Joseph Goldberger

rash, characteristically shaped, progressed toward general physical debility, and ended in insanity and death. Remarkably little was known about it.

In the asylums where the pellagra-insane were kept he found that no nurses or doctors ever caught the disease. It was not contagious, apparently. He investigated further and found that the attendants got what the patients didn't—fresh cuts of meat, fresh vegetables, glasses of milk. In a children's institution he discovered that pellagra attacked only those between the ages of six and 12. And he found out why. Those under six got better foods because they were so young; those over 12 got better foods because they worked. He went outside of institutions and came back with the statement that "only the poor got pellagra."

His first experiment was a humanitarian one. He went to the trustees of the children's homes and asked them if they would be willing to feed fresh meat and fresh milk to the children between six and 12 if the United States Government paid for it. Of course, they didn't object. And within a year pellagra was practically wiped out in the children's homes.

From Governor Brewer of Mississi he secured permission to experim with 12 convicts who would be allov to go free after six months of obser tion. It was in no way a cruel exp ment. He fed the men abundantl but only on cornmeal, white flour, s pork, grits, sweet potatoes, cane syr cabbage. There were murderers a lifers among them and they welcon this easy chance at freedom. But fore that time came they all had first symptoms of pellagra.

The experiment was brilliantly s cessful. Goldberger had demonstra that the absence of certain fo caused pellagra, the presence of ot foods cured it.

But there were still many criti among the prominent scientists, w believed a microbe was the real cau Goldberger had to answer them. A right here he showed qualities oth than those possessed by a good bra He showed courage—a foolhardy co age. He extracted blood from t arm of a pellagra victim and, wh it was still warm, shot a sixth of ounce of the blood into the arm of volunteer helper and a fifth of ounce into his own. Neither man c tracted pellagra.

He wasn't satisfied as yet. One d he made up a powder of the int tinal discharges of a pellagra patie plus the ground-up scales of the ch acteristic skin rash, and swallow that. His stomach, naturally, sir the very thought of such a dose wo do it, was upset. But he did not c tract pellagra.

And a week later he took the d again—and also the blood injecti He had company this time. Fo friends had sufficient faith in him stake their lives—four friends and wife, Mary Goldberger. To this d none of them have had the slight touch of pellagra.

He had made another brilliant—r to say courageous — demonstrati He might have quit there.

But Goldberger hadn't been b with a silver or golden spoon in mouth. He knew that saying th ought to eat certain foods didn't so any problem for those who worked

uthern farms and in Southern mills. ey couldn't afford to eat them. And knew that his life wasn't long ough to cure that lamentable con- tion—poverty.

He wanted a short cut. And luck ought to his attention a disease— own as black tongue—of dogs, that as similar to pellagra. The cause that similar disease, he discovered, as also a faulty diet. Here then was field in which he could experiment eely. He could try to add this or at cheap element to the dogs' diet id find if, by chance, it might not ke the place of fresh milk, meat, getables. And he found it.

It was yeast. Yeast seemed to con- in something—contained also by the esh foods mentioned—that prevented ellagra. Exactly what that something Goldberger didn't find out, though e had a name for it—P-P, meaning ellagra Preventative. He was still ying to isolate it when he died.

But yeast had it. Goldberger made yeast that was palatable. He would ave liked to teach the poor whites nd blacks of the South their need f it. But he was not a leader of en, an exhorter, a propagandist. I," he used to say, "am only a bum octor." Someone else would have to o that job. It still has to be done.

In 1927, after the Mississippi flood, more people died of pellagra in that region than in all the years since 1915 —fresh food was at a premium.

After his death on January 17, 1929, Goldberger was honored in the public prints. He had given 30 years to public service and he had died in the pursuit of his duties. Even Congress had to turn from its squabblings to recognize that fact. It did. It made a sort of gesture. It voted a pension of $125 a month to his widow —the same woman who had faced death with her husband to prove that pellagra was not contagious. One hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. I repeat the figure lest you imagine a typographical error. I don't blame you for looking twice. It is not one of the figures that proves this to be the richest country in the world.

* * *

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Among Our Contributors

ADELINE E. DARTT graduated from Elmira College in 1918. She has had nine years of social case work experience, in addition to two years of teaching experience. For two years she was a psychiatric social worker for the Kings Park State Hospital, New York. Although a non-Jew, she was for five years with the Jewish Board of Guardians in New York City as a case work supervisor and consultant social worker, and later with the Mental Hygiene Clinic, A. I. C. P., as consulting psychiatric social worker. She is now married, retired from social work, and is doing free lance writing, having contributed to The Survey, Mental Hygiene, and The Forum. This is her first contribution to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

ALBERT J. SILVERMAN is another new contributor to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He is 25 years old, and teaches American history in the secondary schools of Baltimore. For the last five years he has written sporadically for historical journals, Jewish magazines, and Sunday magazine supplements. His pet hobby is research in American Jewish history.

LEON SPITZ is Rabbi of the Hoboken Jewish Center, Hoboken, N. J. He has written many articles on the parts Jews have played in various aspects of American Jewish life and history.

ALEXANDER KAUN is associate professor of Slavic languages and lecturer on Russian and Slavic subjects at the University of California, where he has been teaching since 1917. Before that he was a lecturer on Russian literature at the University of Chicago. He has translated the works of many principal Russian authors and is himself the author of a number of books and articles on Russian literature and writers.

JACOB DE HAAS, writer, editor, and Zionist, has served the Zionist Organization for more than a generation. In 1896 he was Theodor Herzl's secretary, and editor of the "London Jewish World."

A. L. SHANDS was born in Kerch, Russia, in 1903, and was brought to New York three years later. He graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1922, and then worked for four years for Thomas A. Edison as a result of passing an Edison questionnaire for college men. He is the author of a Haldeman-Julius Little Blue Book, "The Real Thomas A. Edison," and is now a free lance writer, having contributed to the Menorah Journal, The Reflex, Plain Talk, The Crisis, Writers Monthly, etc.

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They Create Our Only Great Hebrew Music

By HAYNES A. GILBERT

THERE is a spirit, a sublimity, a nobility in Hebrew music which, if it is couched in pliant and developed secular forms, can produce great music. Yet, for some mysterious reason, Hebrew music has lived 3,000 years without acquiring that form. Today, for the first time, we see this tendency to unite the technique of secular music with the spirit of Hebrew music. There is today in Russia a new school of composers whose idiom is the Hebrew idiom; it is from this school that we are getting our only great Hebrew music. The aim of this school is to produce this new, inspired type of Hebrew music. There is vitality and energy in their music—but something infinitely more. A poignant voice sounds in their music, a voice which we have heard for years but which suddenly becomes firm and clear. It is the Hebrew voice, speaking of the pain, the suffering, that Jews have undergone during terrible years of persecution and exile; speaking of that nympholepsy and idealism which are so peculiarly attributes of the Jew.

Samuel Feinberg

These younger Russians compose Hebrew music irrespective of contemporary trends and fashions. The fierce dynamism of the earlier Stravinsky (who has so influenced composers of music) interests them but little. While the entire world was following meekly and imitating blindly Schönberg's atonality, the polytonality of the French-six, the jerks and pranks of American jazz, the younger Russians were composing their own music in their own singular idiom. These younger Russians are self-sufficient; they neither lean on the present nor rob from the past. Everything they write has a peculiarly original twang to it.

These younger Russian composers are often known as the "Jewish-Russian School of Music." And they are Jewish because of something infinitely more than a mere accident of birth—and here, perhaps, do we find the reason for their success. They are Jewish in heart and in soul. They have composed a fertile Hebrew music in which they have converted the Jewish heart and still greater Jewish soul. In all this music of the younger Russian composers one can perceive the same sensuous ecstasy, that same passionate impetuosity, that same deep-rooted suffering that created the "Song of Songs" and the divine and inspired utterances of ancient prophets.

Perhaps the most gifted of these younger Russian composers is Alexander Abramovitsch Kreyn, whose pure and undefiled sincerity is equalled only by his beauty of melodic expression. Kreyn was born on October 20, 1883, and attended the Moscow Conservatory of Music, from which he graduated with the highest honors. At a very tender age, Kreyn became acquainted with Hebrew folk-songs. The haunting sadness, the suffering, the implicit beauty of these melodies attracted him closely and he became at once a passionate lover of Hebrew music. It was primarily to Hebrew music that he was to devote all his efforts.

His first distinguished work, "Salome: A Poem of Passion," was significant because of a certain lyrical intoxication which permeated the entire work. There was a vitality in this music, a sweep of rhythms and melodies. Here was a sensuousness that betrayed the race of the man who fashioned this music—a sensuousness and passion that were unrestrained. Into this music Kreyn poured out that turbulence of emotions of the Jew that was in him, and the savage rhythms of the Russian that was in him. The result was invigorating and dynamic music; a veritable "poem of passion."

Then he turned to Hebrew music. There were the "Jewish Sketches," a quintet for strings and clarinet; there was the "Kadish" for tenor, chorus and orchestra; there were the "Five Jewish Songs"; there was the incidental music to "Sabbatai Zevi." And the same sincerity, the same passion, the same lyrical frenzy that ennobled his "Salome" became now the attributes of Kreyn's expression of his race. The Jew and the Russian in him combined to create a savage music almost—a music in which suffering and pain played a prominent part. In this music, Kreyn reaches his highest heaven of expression, because in this music Kreyn had definitely found himself. The Jew in him and the musician in him found a common idiom for expression . . . and their expression is often poignant, often beautiful, and sometimes imperishable music.

Michael F. Gniessen

In Gregory Kreyn—Alexander Abramovitsch's brother, and senior by three years—music had found a prodigious composer. Gregory Kreyn is in many respects inferior to his highly gifted brother. He lacks that magnificent lyricism, that poignancy of expression, that elaborate texture of sensuousness and passion which make of Alexander Abramovitsch's music such intoxicating aural wine. But in one respect is Gregory's music superior. His music is more serene, more placid, more introspective by far, than that of his brother. In Alexander Abramovitsch Kreyn's Hebrew music we have the expression of a man who feels; in Gregory Kreyn's music we have the expression of a man who thinks. But music is primarily the expression of emotions and not of ideas. And so, despite many of the inherent talents of Gregory Kreyn his brother, Alexander Abramovitsch will ever be considered the finer of the two.

Michael Fabronovitsch Gniessen—born in 1883 and a graduate of the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music—is often called the "Jewish Glinka," because he, too, sucked from the nipple of tradition and was nurtured by it. Nor does the resemblance between Gniessen and Glinka pause here. In both of these composers there is a lack of sensuous emotions; in both, their music is full of barbaric vitality.

nd the music of both is primarily agan. Gniessen—like Gregory Kreyn —composes scholarly music in which erfection of form and exquisite de- cacy in development are noticeable t every turn. The "Orchestral Tone olor from Shelley" (one of his earlier orks) is almost the fruit of a Conti- ental pen, so carefully drawn is it, o exquisitely well-planned, so fragile n tone-structure. Gniessen had obvi- usly learned his lessons well from the nstruction of his great orchestration nd harmony teacher, Rimsky-Korsa- off!

But in the "Youth of Abraham" and n the "Maccabeans"—two operas— hat Russian vitality that had been lumbering in Gniessen burst forth suddenly. There is fire and madness n this music; the rhythms rush in every direction, like winds in a hurri- ane. But there is a shimmering background to all this chaos; a poig- nant voice in all this outburst. One hears in this music the strange pathos of the Hebrews. The same pathos with which Isaiah warned his beloved race of a pending and inevitable doom, the same pathos with which Israel thinks about its long exile in un- friendly countries . . . that s a m e pathos is to be found in Gniessen's operas.

Maximilian Steinberg, born on July 7, 1883, revealed remarkable musical talents even from early childhood. But his parents refused to reconcile them- selves to the Fate that had made Steinberg a musician. They had long dreamt that their son would be a scientist . . . and a scientist, they de- cided, he would become. And so, Max- imilian Steinberg—who loved music passionately and who was yearning to express himself musically—was com- pelled to spend arid years at the Pet- rograd Gymnasium, from which he graduated in 1901, and then at the University, from which he graduated in 1906. But all these years spent with science did not stifle the young man's musical love. Even after grad- uation from these institutions—with the learning of science resting upon him—even then, he wanted to give himself up to music. For a while he thought things over . . . and then he decided that he would live his own life. He abandoned science once for all, and embraced music. He attend- ed the Petrograd Conservatory of Mu- sic, where he studied under the ex- pert Rimsky-Korsakoff and then un- der Glazunov, graduating in 1908. In that year, he was honored by the pro- fessor's chair in his Alma Mater which he accepted eagerly—a coveted honor for a young man of 25! A few years later another honor fell to him. He married the daughter of Rimsky- Korsakoff and the nuptials were cele- brated with an original composition written for that occasion, "Fireworks," by a highly gifted, young, and yet un- known pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff— Igor Stravinsky.

Maximilian Steinberg is one of the few who did not compose Hebrew mu- sic patently—but in whose music, nevertheless, there is something of the Jew. There is something of the Jew in the way Steinberg speaks about the soul of the Russian peasant and his trials; something of the Jew in the tender, pale melodies; something of the Jew in the savage burst of rhythms. This music was obviously composed by a Jew who is race-con- scious; we need but listen to a few bars to be cognizant of this fact.

The youngest of the younger Rus- sian composers is Samuel Feinberg, who was born in 1890. He has one of the most bewildering talents in modern music. I do not speak of his precocity—which was extraordinary; nor that at 25 he composed two really distinguished piano sonatas. I speak, rather, of the fact that he had never had intensive study in composition. No teachers or text-books taught Fein- berg what he knows about music. Nothing but experiment and his own ingenious mind. By himself, Fein- berg experimented with tone-colors, with harmonies, with blundering im- provisations. When he failed, he tried again. When he created shal- low music, he tore it up and started work anew. His was that indefatig- able energy, that inexhaustible na- ture, that endless capacity for work which we must always associate with true genius. For years he groped in the darkness. But, at last, he found the light—and the light was good.

Like another distinguished Jewish composer, Gustav Mahler, Samuel Feinberg is a metaphysician of music. Emotions do not interest him, but ideas; the ponderous, all-important, cosmic ideas of the metaphysician. On the fly leaf of his Sixth Sonata there is a quotation from Spengler's su- preme philosophical work, "The De- cline of the West." Other works have different philosophical quotations— which are the keys to Feinberg's mes- sages. Primarily a musician, who feels the answers to the mystery of life, Feinberg makes music the expression of his mysticism. One feels that he is struggling to say great things . . . even though one also feels that not always has he succeeded.

Strange to say, Feinberg's musical form is succinct, clear and lucid. His compositions have little melody; pri- marily they are harmonic cries of tonal tempests, of rhythmic forces. Moreover, all his melodic material is highly original. Never does one hear faint echoes of others' messages! Throughout all his piano sonatas (and for some mysterious reason Feinberg has devoted himself primarily to the piano) one can clearly perceive a per- sonality. That personality is Fein- berg. And it is a personality, one feels, well worth expressing.

These younger Russian composers are really very young—in age. While others, at their age, are merely ex- perimenting, they are creating. Mu- sically they have done many things of value. They have created an orig- inal idiom and a significant one, too. They have created some beautiful mu- sic. They have given us our first great Hebrew music. One feels, how- ever, that they have just begun their momentous labors. We expect more great music from their hands.

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

the popular writer, contributes an article for the September issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, in which he tells all about the Guggenheim Foundation.

ANOTHER ARTICLE ON RUSSIA

by Leo M. Glassman, whose first appears in this issue, will be contained in the September number.

THE JEWISH PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

in Chicago, is a nationally-known institution which contributes to the welfare of thousands of Jews every year. Its manifold activities, as well as an interview with its director, will be a feature of the September issue.

MAKING THE JEWS OF AMERICA SPORT CONSCIOUS

is another feature of next month's B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. It tells of the Hakoah Soccer Team, an all-Jewish eleven which recently won the world championship, and thereby stimulated sports among American Jews.

AN EDUCATOR OF EAST SIDE YOUTH

—that's Charles B. Stover, a non-Jew, who devoted his best efforts toward the amelioration of Jewish East Side youths a generation ago. His is an absorbing story, well told in the September issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

MANY OTHER FEATURES

will be included, to say nothing of editorials, book reviews, and regular departments in

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

B'nai B'rith Magazine. Out August 25

A CROSS-SECTIO

M. M. Ussishkin, head of the Jewish National Fund, was present at a flower festival in Palestine recently, and received the greetings of the children.

THE condition of Jewry in various parts of the world is a depressing one, Dr. David Lefkowitz, President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, declared in his presidential message at the 44th annual convention of the Conference at Providence, R. I.

The executive board authorized the reprinting of the Union Prayer Book. From this action it is seen that the convention's executives feel that the complete revision of the Prayer Book begun at the Detroit convention last year will require from five to ten years to accomplish.

A complete reversal of the extreme stand of the founders of Reform Judaism is involved in the decision of the Conference to include in the revised version of the Union Hymnal a form of the ancient Kol Nidrei hymn. The new form will embody the modern idea of Reform Judaism.

Rabbi Lefkowitz was re-elected President.

* * *

WHEN the International Congress of Orientalists met in Vienna in June, they held a Jewish Day, and the discussion centered around the Old Testament, the results of the excavations in Palestine, and Jewish culture in the Hellenic period. An illustrated lecture by the prominent orientalist, Prof. M. Krauss, of excavated old Palestine synagogues, which are said to prove the existence of a Jewish culture in Palestine long after the downfall of the Jewish State, aroused great interest.

AFTER a nine years' division of opinion, the Zionist Organization of America was reunited at its 33rd annual convention in Cleveland from June 29 to July 1, by an agreement between leaders of the Lipsky administration and representatives of the Brandeis-Mack group.

Both the Jewish weekly press and the secular newspapers reported the convention so fully during its sessions that no details need be given here. The high-spots of the gathering were Louis Lipsky's resignation as President, and the formation of a new administrative committee, consisting of 18 members, who will direct the Z. O. A. for the coming 18 months. Of the 18 members, 12 were nominated by the group headed by Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, and Federal Judge Julian W. Mack, and the other six by the old administration. In addition, there will be an executive committee of 40, with each side naming 20, and a national advisory council of 150.

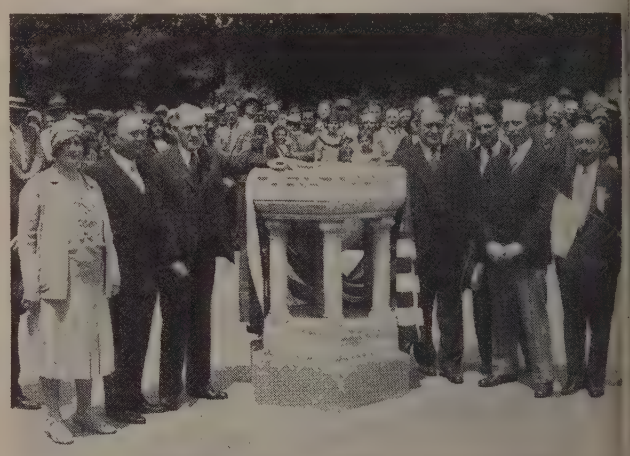
* * *

THE Jews of France are assimilated, conservative in politics, and not very much interested in Zionism, M. Andre Geraud, of the *Echo de Paris*, told Jewish newspapermen when he arrived in this country.

FELIX M. WARBURG, chairman of the Joint Distribution Committee, was doubly honored recently when he was presented with a testimonial volume and with a letter from President Hoover, on the occasion of the opening of the Allied Jewish Campaign.

"For many years I have observed his eager and effective work for the welfare of those near and far in need of aid," wrote the President. "It is unthinkable that this work should be permitted to end unfinished. What has been accomplished in rescuing and rebuilding human lives is an historic achievement in human engineering."

The American Relief Administration, of which President Hoover is chairman, gave $50,000 to the Allied Jewish Campaign, which, to date, has been carried on in more than 100 cities in this country. Mr. Warburg himself gave $150,000.



Louis Lipsky, former President of the Z. O. A., unveiled the "Fountain of Wisdom" in the first Hebrew Garden in the world, while he was attending the Z. O. A. convention in Cleveland.

WORK on a farm and orange plantation will be provided for graduates of the Children's Village in Meier Shfeyah, Palestine, by Junior Hadassah's agricultural colony, Pardess Anna, which involves an investment of $50,000 for buildings. This announcement was made at the Eighth Annual Convention of the organization in Cleveland the first week in July. Miss Frances D. Lesser, president, announced that $80,000 had been contributed this year to the specific undertakings of Junior Hadassah in Palestine.

JUDGE William M. Lewis of Philadelphia was re-elected Grand Master of the Independent Order of B'rith Sholom at the 25th annual convention of that Order in Buffalo. Judge Lewis's recommendation that all members of B'rith Sholom join the Zionist Organization was adopted.

* * *

"THE largest synagogue in the southern hemisphere" was dedicated in Melbourne, Australia, when the Hebrew Congregation opened its new $250,000 building with representatives of all the clergy and all Victorian rabbis present.

F JEWISH LIFE

MANY prominent Jews in this country have died during the last few weeks. Included among them are:

Daniel S. Wertheimer, 70, a Ben B'rith, publisher of the Jewish Review and Observer, Cleveland Jewish weekly.

Judge Hugo Pam, 60, Chicago, prominent Ben B'rith and a member of the Superior Court for more than 18 years.

Judge Josiah Cohen, 89, Pittsburgh, second oldest jurist in the United States and outstanding B'nai B'rith leader for many years.

Ralph A. Moses, 57, Gloversville, Jewish communal leader, prominent glove manufacturer, and civic and philanthropic leader.

Isaac Liberescu, 80, Plainfield, N. J., father of the Yiddish Theater.

Leo Feist, 60, New York, owner of the largest publishing house of popular music in the world.

Dr. Maurice H. Harris, 70, a loyal and active Ben B'rith, and for 48 years the rabbi of Temple Israel, New York.

PARENTS will be urged to send their children to Palestine for secondary school education, it was decided at the 22nd annual convention of National Young Judaea, held at Long Branch, N. J. Plans for a national oratorical contest next year were adopted.

* * *

THE historical background of prominent Jewish men and women was given by speakers at the American Jewish Historical Society meeting in Boston June 12. The purpose of the conference was to gather material on what the Jews gave in art, literature, and other lines to the history of this country from the earliest days, to form a reference library in the new Jewish seminary in New York.

* * *

JEWISH immigrants numbering 5,986 entered Argentina last year. Some 71 per cent of them came from Poland. Many of the immigrants were cared for by the Jewish Immigrants Protective Society, supported by Hias through Hicem.

A COURSE in Yiddish literature will be given by the Bronx Borough-Wide Association of Public and High School Teachers. Chaim Lieberman, the Yiddish essayist and critic, will give the course, which will begin in the fall.

* * *

THE second Jew to become a member of the Soviet cabinet is Moisei Ruchimovitch, who was appointed Railway Commissar. Only 41 years old, he has until now been vice president of the Supreme Economic Council, the highest Soviet industrial body.

* * *

QUEBEC Jews have nothing to fear from the anti-Semitic agitation recently stirred up by certain French weeklies in that city, according to the Provincial Premier, L. A. Taschereau. He attributed the agitation to political causes, and advised the Jews to ignore it.

* * *

DISTINCTIVE recognition was accorded the National Jewish Hospital at Denver by the American Society of Clinical Pathologists, through the award of a gold medal to Dr. H. J. Corper, Director of Research of the Hospital. The medal, known as the "Ward Burdick Research Award," was presented to Dr. Corper for outstanding work in clinical pathology, and was presented at the annual banquet of the Society in Detroit. Dr. Corper's research work was done in the laboratories of the National Jewish Hospital. Further honor was paid Dr. Corper through his selection as President-elect of the Society for 1931-1932.

The Research Department of the National Jewish Hospital was established in 1919 with Dr. Corper as its Director, and has earned international renown for its many distinctive contributions to the knowledge of tuberculosis.

* * *

NEARLY 900 delegates representing 426 lodges in all parts of the country attended the 44th annual convention of the Independent Order of B'rith Abraham at Saratoga Springs. The convention approved of the establishment of a colony in Palestine by contributions to the Jewish National Fund and the taxation of members. Nathan Perlman was re-elected Grand Master.

They look real, don't they? But they aren't. They are two rag dolls, marvelously executed, and a fine example of the artistic doll industry in Palestine.

A $5,000,000 endowment fund for the establishment of an institute of advanced study has been created by Louis Bamberger, Newark (N. J.) department store magnate, and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld.

The institute will provide facilities for advanced study and research for scholars and advanced students working for and beyond the Ph. D. degrees or other professional degrees of equal standing. The two donors intend to make further contributions from time to time in order that the institute may be adequately provided for.

The Board of Trustees for the first year include: Edgar S. Bamberger, Dr. Abraham Flexner, Dr. Julius Friedenwald, Lieutenant - Governor Herbert H. Lehman, Samuel Leidesdorf, and Percy S. Straus.

* * *

PHILIP SEMAN, director of the Jewish People's Institute of Chicago, was elected president of the National Conference of Jewish Social Service at its convention in Boston last month. He succeeds the late Dr. Boris D. Bogen, who died two weeks after his election to the presidency last year.

* * *

THERE are now 281 congregations with a membership of 61,662 which are affiliated with the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, it was announced at the meeting of the executive board, which met in Atlantic City June 16. A budget of $698,491 was adopted for the coming year, an increase of more than $19,000 over last year.

A Thoughtful Convention

By DR. EMANUEL GAMORAN

IN contrast with the optimistic note sounded at the Convention of the National Council for Jewish Education held in 1929, it was expected that this year the proceedings would be more or less under a cloud. The fluctuations of the stock market seem to have resulted in a general depression throughout the country, and from east to west Jewish communities are not only refraining from expanding the work which their educational institutions are engaged in, but in many cases are even curtailing activity—in order to save funds.

The Conference of the National Council for Jewish Education held at Port Jervis and in New York was therefore most surprising. While conversation among members of the Conference denoted that all was not well in the Jewish educational world, the Conference program itself and the stimulating discussions which attended nearly every session, in no way reflected either a dull or a depressed mind. So great was the interest in fundamentals that even the most practical aspects of the Conference tended to be forgotten in the light of general discussions which concerned themselves with the larger aims of Jewish education, with the welfare of the child, with the development of a creative Jewish people in America, with the enhancement of Jewish value, and with the organization of all of these into a well conceived and adequately organized system of Jewish education.

The Conference began with a presentation of the educational contributions of the members of the National Council during the past year. It was most interesting to note that a definite shift has taken place from administrative undertakings involving institutional changes and community surveys, to an interest in problems of the curriculum, problems of method and basic ideas underlying Jewish education in America.

This tendency to research was again reflected in the session devoted to an inquiry on the teaching of Jewish history. In an introductory paper on the subject Dr. Emanuel Gamoran, Chairman of the History Inquiry Committee, pointed out the significant tendencies which a new philosophy of education and a new sociology and psychology have introduced into the teaching of history. The History Inquiry Committee of the National Council is interested in studying the extent to which such tendencies as emphasis upon the present, correlation of subject, introduction of projects, the use of the laboratory method, etc., have been introduced into the Jewish schools.

Dr. Julius B. Maller read a paper on Testing Achievement in Jewish History, in which he summarized the results of a most painstaking investigation based on the History Achievement Tests administered to 3,000 children in New York, Cleveland, and Cincinnati. The extent to which children make progress in the study of history, the superiority of boys over girls in such study, the relation of increased knowledge to length of stay in school, etc., were carefully analyzed and presented in a stimulating address.

Rabbi Jacob B. Pollak presented a preliminary study of the work in Jewish history conducted in about 40 Sunday schools in New York City. Although the number of schools included in this study was limited, the children represent nearly 70 per cent of the Sunday school population in New York. Rabbi Pollak's study showed that from 25 to 40 per cent of the time is devoted to the teaching of history. It is clear that history is considered the most important subject in the Sunday school. The investigation begun by Rabbi Pollak, Dr. Maller, and Dr. Gamoran, under the auspices of the National Council, will continue, and progress in this field will be reported at succeeding Conventions of the National Council for Jewish education.

An address reflecting the wider scope of Jewish education with special reference to the problem of the adolescent was that of Dr. Samson Benderly. Dr. Benderly pointed out the extent to which the education of the Jewish youth was neglected in America, stressing that any attempt to solve this problem must develop several differentiated curricula providing for all age groups. The informational curriculum should first be elaborated. This should then be followed by a course of study, the chief aim of which would be to interpret Jewish life for the young man and woman, thus utilizing the information which they have already obtained in their previous course of study. On the top of this structure there would come what Dr. Benderly calls the orientation curriculum, the object of which would be to actually link up the young people with the functioning institutions of today such as the synagogues, the temple, the centers, the fraternal organizations; the Zionist societies, since the only way to insure participation in Jewish life is to bring about such activity on the part of the youth before they leave the school and its leaders.

The Conference also reflected a variety of interests, as may be seen from the fact that one whole session was given to the presentation of papers on Jewish Education in Russia by Mr. Israel S. Chipkin, The Hebrew University, by Mr. George Hyman, and Jewish Education in Palestine, by Dr. A. M. Dushkin.

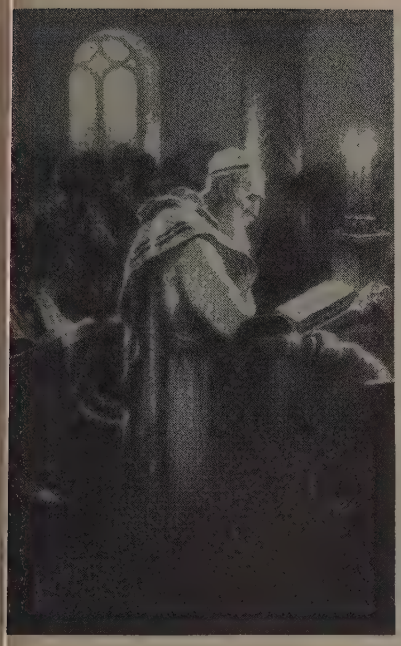
The highwater mark of the Conference was no doubt reached in the two addresses delivered by Dr. William H. Kilpatrick, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, and Professor Mordecai M. Kaplan, Professor of Homiletics at the Jewish Theological Seminary. Dr. Kilpatrick's subject dealt with the Inadequacy of Science to Cope with the Fullness of Life. He stressed the importance which the process of evaluation occupies in human life. While science is chiefly engaged in giving us a description of facts, it is left to philosophy and to religion to contribute the most significant elements in the process of evaluation.

Dr. Kaplan, who dealt with the place of religion in modern life, emphasized the need of removing from Jewish education the sore spot of "evasion and insincerity." In order to do this it is necessary for the Jewish teacher to recognize fundamental values of religion in general and the Jewish religion in particular. These have to be interpreted in the light of a modern outlook on life, then translated into a practical course of study, an adequate system of textbooks, and an appropriate methodology.

All in all, it might well be said that there is emerging a group in American Jewry deeply interested in the problems of our future, and keenly aware of the limitations of Jewish education at present.

A Versatile Artist

By ALLEN E. RIVKIN



The Schule

IT MUST have been more than 40 years ago that an earnest little fellow with laughing brown eyes and a somewhat pointed face, "learning" over a book taken from the *cheder*, was told by his mother to "stop drawing Mordecai—why don't you 'learn' as other good boys do?"

"Then, of course," he told me, "I couldn't really draw. But my artistic endeavors started 'way before then, even. I remember quite clearly standing next to a chair, my head just a little above its seat, drawing soldiers on a slate board. In fact, the scene is so clearly etched on my memory that I could draw it now for you after almost the span of my lifetime. . . . Next I see myself in the *cheder* at the age of about six or seven when, during the recess of my first day there, I became envious of the fame of the local *cheder* artist around whom the whole class assembled watching him draw a man on horseback—presumably in a circus. I loudly and clearly announced that I could draw better (I wish I had a part of that nerve now!), with the result that I was immediately challenged by the artist to draw Haman leading the horse Mordecai was riding. This I did and with such success that I wrested that artist's laurels from him right then and there. But the biblical description of Mordecai remained with me and 'Again he's drawing Mordecai' became somewhat of a humorous statement around my little town of Bialystok."

Maxim Harry Lubovsky is, today, one of the leading Jewish artists. Coming to New York in 1909, he immediately won the public's favor with his cartoons which he drew for the "Kibitzer" and "Kundes," two publications which have since expired. Cartooning, however, he shortly gave up and began painting fashionable portraits. This he did until he saw that his sitters demanded of him something he could not see in their faces. Rather than do insincere work, he felt that he should work in another medium.

His internationally famous "Moses" will be vividly remembered by those of us who recall the initial issues of "The Jewish Leader" which was edited by the now deceased Miller. The story of how Lubovsky came to draw his "Moses" has just come to light, in fact. It seems that a former Yiddish publication that Miller had been editing expired and, in his anxiety to make the first number of the "Leader" outstandingly beautiful, he called in Lubovsky to get him a picture of Moses, preferably the one by Michelangelo. Lubovsky happened to have a beautiful reproduction of it which he had brought from Munich and this he took to Miller.

Simchas Torah

"No, this is not what I want, Lubovsky," Miller said, "Moses was the first leader. I want to make *this* Leader the second. This Michelangelo doesn't have the Jewishness in it that I desire. Go up to the Library and see if you can find a good Moses that we can reproduce."

That wasn't very complimentary to a man who had won medals, mentions, and money-prizes for sketches and compositions in the Odessa Imperial College of Arts, but since it was an important commission, he hastened off to the Public Library to do research on Moses. Picture after picture was inspected but none came up to what Lubovsky wanted his Moses to be. Moses is depicted in the Bible as a man of small stature, but the artists almost all represented him as big and powerful—and have also given him the "horns," which word, in Hebrew *(Karney)*, has a double meaning and can be translated as "horns" or "rays" (sunrays). In the Bible rays are meant, of course, but the monks who first translated the Bible into latin evidently translated it literally.

"I did not choose a Moses out of all those many hundreds I saw, not because they were not big and good—some were very good (Rembrandt, Michelangelo, some German artists, and others)—but because they were just plain, big people with horns. Not one of those I saw was a *prophet*, was Moses."

Lighting the Chanukah Candles

Lubovsky then returned to his studio and sketched the Moses he felt in his heart: strong of body, powerful lines in the face, demanding eyes and lips that spoke commands which were fulfilled almost upon utterance. He made his Moses in full figure and put such feeling in his face that one instantly knew that while Moses lived, Moses was the leader and there could be no other leader but Moses. . . . The scene shows Moses standing on a hill from which the first view of the Promised Land opens up. One of his generals is pointing to something in the distance and Moses looks. . . A grand portrait.

Miller liked the drawing so well he ran it on the front page, five columns wide by eighteen inches deep on a sheet whose type size was seven columns wide by 20 inches deep. It created a furore. The lower East Side hung Lubovsky's Moses in all the windows. The same year London's foremost Yiddish weekly reproduced it from "The Jewish Leader," and following that a Toronto publication reproduced the London reproduction. It "made" Lubovsky in this country. He has been popular ever since.

* * *

MAXIM HARRY LUBOVSKY was born more than 40 years ago in Bialystok, Russia. His father's name was Hirsh and his mother's name was Cecilia. His father was destined by his parents to be a rabbi and he has a rabbi's diploma, but after marriage he chose a business career. His mother had written some poetry and was artistically inclined. He has one sister and two brothers.

"The Sorrow of a Nation"

The Lubovskys remained in Bialystok until Maxim was 14 and then moved to Lodz. There he was supposed to enter the *Real Schule* but due to some misunderstanding with the registrar he took his early educational work at home. He was destined, by his parents, for a business career; and just to show him that they were sincere about their plans for him, Maxim spent more than two years in a manufacturing plant getting the practical side of the career which was some day, his parents hoped, to make Maxim a Captain of Industry. He then became of military age and had to enter the Russian Army. But since the Romanoffs had plenty of soldiers and very few artists, it wasn't long before our Lubovsky proved to the officials that his place was in the Odessa Imperial College of Arts; that he could do more with a set of brushes and an easel than most of the farmhand soldiers could do with a sabre. He graduated from Odessa in three and a half years with two diplomas; one, that of an artist; and the other qualifying him to teach art in high schools.

"Labor," painted from memory. It won a prize in 1915.

Even at an early age, Lubovsky was insistent upon doing original work, free from imitation. His class was once told to depict "Sorrow"; no other instructions were given them. "How can I make my 'Sorrow' different?" he asked himself. To take the little child and her broken doll was too obvious; so was the sorrowing mother beside the bier of her baby. It was also too individualistic. His work must be universal; it must give the feeling of a nation suffering . . . Russia's barren wastes, a rickety road, a tumble-down cart, a shabby peasant kneeling beside a dying horse. . . . Universality. The sorrow of not one peasant but of all peasants: the "Sorrow of a Nation" he called it.

This slight man of average height and weight is imbued with art and all subjects pertaining to art. He doesn't spell his life's work with a capital "A" either; but his sincerity is unquestionable. His preferences in books are

mostly found in good contemporary writers. He likes Dreiser, Anderson and Lewis of the Americans. Shaw, he feels, is the English master. Of current continental writers he knows little, although he is solidly grounded in the classics of other centuries. Of the American artists, he feels that Sargent is far and away the outstanding technician. In the Jewish field, Auerbach-Levy and Struck, do not cause his heart to beat faster although he feels it unethical to state an opinion on contemporary men in his own field. He's not a critic, he insists; he wishes to create.

The drawings which appear on these pages are not his best work, by far, I feel. After looking over more than a thousand Lubovskys, I must tell you in all fairness to the artist that especially the Jewish subjects of his which you see here are *not* representative of what the man has done and what he can do. They are merely reproductions of some charcoal crayons that he was commissioned to do for illustrative purposes. Lubovsky knows, above all, how to catch the plaintive Jewish face, the Jewish manner, the Jewishness of the scenes he portrays here. Look at the light and shading he has put into the *schule* subject. How clearly he has caught the sacred holiness of his characters and how well he has balanced them to center on the story he wants his picture to tell. As he told me, when I asked him how he had "caught" just that certain something which moved me, "the expression, in art, is everything." Anyone, he reminded me, can play a violin, but only Kreisler makes a complete heartache in every note.

His preference is oils for serious work in painting, but his second love is sculpture.

Some 30 odd years has seen Lubovsky an artist. Yet, as each canvas is completed, that age-old query comes to his mind: "Am I myself or am I not?" To be a true artist is his aim, his contribution to what he humorously calls humanity.

Since it was so unusual to come across an artist who had not "found himself" and who didn't think he was the "cock on the walk," I hurried to ask Lubovsky two questions: What is art? What is its purpose?

"To my mind art is primarily a sincere feeling for beauty or supreme truth clearly expressed in some concrete, tangible form; and, if the expression of the feeling be real art, it must produce in the observer the same emotions the artist experienced while creating it. The definition leads directly to some other questions: 1. Is art subject to change, like fashion? 2. Can there be various forms and manifestations of the same art? 3. What is 'Modern Art'? First, I believe that real art is eternal and universal. Secondly, if you grant me that art is 'The expression of emotion,' the modernists are off on the wrong foot when they try to paint, sculpture or write what they actually feel. I cannot see how it is humanly possible, although Rockwell Kent, perhaps, is the one man coming closest to it if it can be approached at all. Art must make one feel. That is its purpose and mission. It should not make one think, or still less, philosophize, I feel.

"Most of the efforts of the Moderns are, at the very best, to acquire knowledge, expressed through a sophisticated mind by means of some technical skill; the most important ingredient, emotion, almost always being totally absent. And, too, I feel, it is much less art than the crude efforts of the savages—the latter are at least doing their best and above all are perfectly sincere.

"What is the purpose of art? Well, in the first place, it is the inevitable product of self-expression of the artist. The artist, in producing a piece of art, rarely asks himself the question of what the ultimate purpose of his work might be. He never says to himself 'What will it accomplish?' He creates because he has the urge to do so. I'm not, mind you, talking about commercial work that appears in newspapers and magazines. We don't even have to go into that. But perhaps we should. It is to be deeply regretted that, owing to the inexorable conditions of our present day life, many a highly gifted individual hardly ever creates anything of real, lasting value; not because he cannot do better, but because he has to live, to eat, to have a roof over his head. It is a matter of common knowledge that many an artist, having accidentally painted, say, a horse and exhibited it, has to go on to the end of his days painting horses. Otherwise he couldn't sell. The public has for once and for all identified him with horses and they wouldn't buy anything else from his brush. Look to Kirmse and Dennis and their dogs. That is conclusive evidence."

"It's a pity that art cannot be subsidized by the government as it is in some countries," I ventured.

"True. Very true. Art, good art, should not be sold, and certainly not to private individuals who bury masterpieces in their homes for their own pleasure. Art belongs to the nation, or better still, to humanity.

"Is there a school we can call Jewish Art?" I asked.

"I believe not. The Jewish artist does what all other artisans do: becomes a part of the country in which he lives. Is there a distinct Jewish science or a distinct Jewish music? I'm afraid not. While there have been great Jews in both science and music, their contributions have always been made as constituents of the country in which they live. A possibility for Jewish art probably lies in the future of Palestine, for there, whatever the Jewish artist does will be distinctly Jewish. . . . But why should there be Jewish art, science or literature? Aren't all these things universal?"

This man Lubovsky is truly the idealist. His manner, his face, his work breathes it. One thing he said to me as I left his studio overlooking the East River in New York has kept turning itself over in my mind. When you see his forthcoming one-man exhibit think of Lubovsky for these words:

"From time immemorial it was art in one form or another which, by groping at first in the dark, found the way out of the difficulties and solved the appearing problems of mankind; exercising its enobling and elevating influence upon humanity. And even now, every new discovery and invention in the world of science is first and foremost the direct result of art because the scientist sees his hypothesis first in his mind, his imagination—which is art. In other words, the expression of intuition is art; its verification by facts is science. And that is why I feel, with all my heart, that the purpose of art is the creating and furtherance of happiness and the ultimate betterment of mankind."

WANTED: BACK NUMBERS

In order to complete its file of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, the New York Public Library is in need of several back numbers. Readers who are in possession of the following numbers of the Magazine are requested to communicate with the Editor, 70 Electric Bldg., Cincinnati, O.:

Vol. 1, No. 5 (January, 1909) and also No. 7 and No. 8 in this Volume; Vol. 2, No. 3 (November, 1909); all issues in Vols. 3 and 4 (1910-1911); Vol. 15, No. 5 (January or February, 1923); Vol. 15, No. 8 (April, 1923); and the issues for July, August, and September, 1924.

Jewish College Student Problems

By EDGAR F. MAGNIN

SOME of us who are prone to criticize the attitude of the average college student toward religion, economics, ethics or anything else forget our own attitudes and opinions when we were young. It is so easy to become petrified and stolid. Few people possess the imagination and the insight to understand youth.

There is nothing to be alarmed about at the attitude of our young people. They are going through a necessary period in their development. They will turn out in time to be the same conservatives that we are and just as settled in their ways. But this period cannot be hastened. The adolescent seeks the absolute truth that he will never discover. He takes pleasure in demonstrating an attitude of defiance toward parents and teachers, and that which was taught him in his childhood he rebels at as being ridiculous—and indeed much of it is.

During the last few years it has been my privilege and pleasure to contact university students. I found them to be a splendid lot of people. Acquaintanceship with them keeps one young and elastic in his thinking.

It has been my experience that most of the Jewish college students have had a very poor religious or Jewish cultural background. They hail either from homes that are severely orthodox and where traditional Judaism is not maintained with a degree of dignity that it deserves; or in many cases they hail from homes where the parents are absolutely and utterly devoid of any interest in Jewish religion, charity or anything else. The result is that when their children go to college they are confronted with a number of serious problems.

While Jews, even as adolescents, are already accustomed to be snubbed and looked down upon, this sensation is felt perhaps a little more bitterly at college. There the fraternity and the sorority are constant reminders that in order to be a Jew one must pay a special price. Devoid of Jewish knowledge and pride that can only result from an understanding of one's history, literature and ideals, surrounded by non-Jewish influences, and imbibing waters from the springs of alien culture almost entirely, the Jew's inferiority complex develops to the point of irritation. Some of the students try to escape their Jewishness. When religious denomination is asked for on the registration card they sign Unitarian, Christian Scientist, Free Thinker or something else.

Of course there is no escape from being a Jew. They become the objects of sympathetic ridicule. Sooner or later they must learn to find companionship among their own people.

The religious problem of the Jew is not altogether dissimilar from that of his Gentile neighbor. Most young people are prone to be non-religious, at least in a formal sense. Despite the fact that adolescence carries with it a certain amount of emotionalism and a certain mystic quality, these are spent in other directions than religion; more particularly in the arts and most particularly in the drama.

How sad it is that most of these Jewish students do not know the heritage that is theirs, its wealth and beauty, color and importance for world civilization. It is for this reason that they require rabbis in university towns who understand the psychology of young people. If there is anything that youth despises it is sham and pose. Young people are very quick to sense insincerity, either inwardly or in outward manner. They express only ridicule for people who roll their eyes and claim to hold intimate conversations with God. For this I personally cannot blame them.

Two of the outstanding movements in Jewish life today that, in my mind, are most eminent and important in the solution of our Jewish university problem are the Menorah Society and the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation. The former deals with the culture of the Jewish people and should be most appealing to the thoughtful student; the other is largely religious in its point of view and methods. Both of them are doing a piece of work that is most valuable and require all the moral and financial help that thinking Jews can possibly give them.

Personally I do not believe in special "youth congregations" or peculiar forms of ritual devised for young people. Since college is a preparation for life out of college and since ultimately the student is going to worship like all the rest of the Jewish people he might just as well begin getting into the habit of practicing normal Jewish customs and habits. He should be taught to eschew fads in religion that are dangerous and vulgar. They are more likely to cheapen his opinion of our religion than anything else.

I found the forum method, when properly handled, very valuable in dealing with Jewish students. One must not talk at them, but with them and must permit them to do some of the talking. In fact, if we do not permit them to speak we will never know what they are thinking about. Many a time at the Menorah Society, in lieu of delivering a lecture, I have permitted the students to ask questions. It is amazing what elementary questions they ask on Jewish subjects. Most of them do not possess the slightest knowledge of their own people or faith. All questions should be answered accurately, thoughtfully and sincerely. Theology must be handled most delicately and in the light of modern science and philosophy. Any severe dogmatism on the part of the preacher on the one hand or total surrender to agnosticism on the other are likely to poison the minds of these people toward religions for the rest of their lives.

If this problem is handled correctly we may expect our very best leadership from our college group.

I am not pessimistic about the situation at all. I see great hope for the future. A taste of the waters of Jewish knowledge in all their purity and ability to satisfy the parched minds and hearts of these young folks will inspire them with a desire to drink deeper from the wells of one of the greatest cultures in the world. When so directed, these young people will not be cowards. They will not assume an ostrich-like attitude and fool themselves. They will stand upon their two feet erect and dignified, contented in mind and generous in their attitudes toward non-Jews, loyal to their own group and culture, and, at the same time, appreciative of the values inherent in other groups and cultures. Dignified, poised, balanced, they will be; worthy descendants of worthy sires, a credit to their people and a blessing to humanity.

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WE SEE IN THE PAPERS....

DE gustibus non est disputandum. With this in mind we can proceed to a brief examination of statements attributed to Theodore Dreiser in a J. T. A. syndicated article of recent date in many Jewish papers. The interviewer is Raymond Dannenbaum, who lately has been discussing Jews and Judaism with a series of prominent non-Jews.

"The Jews are one of the greatest races which ever stood on earth!" Mr. Dreiser tells the interviewer explosively.

"You Jews really don't want Zionism," the famous author explains. "You don't care a fig for nationalism. You want to be everywhere like Gypsies. You want to be a race which envelops the earth."

He then goes on to opine that the Jews will never blend with other races, although individuals may often intermarry.

"What astounds me," he continued, "is your feeling of race inferiority—not culturally or as individuals — on the contrary you are sufficiently self-assertive there — but as a group, in your dealings with countries, with problems. It's a kind of public apology for getting on, which has no basis.

"Sixty per cent of you are neurotically conscious of opposition. Yet despite it all, you want the heights of power and recognition. That reminds me of a story told me by a friend, a cavalry officer in the Civil War. During a Northern retreat, men were running north as fast as their mounts and their own legs could carry them. My friend was upon a good horse, making for home with all his and the horse's might. Despite the horse's speed, an infantryman managed to keep up with the horse. While running at this astounding pace, the fellow kept beseeching my friend at the top of his voice, 'Let me up behind, let me up behind'; to which my friend shouted, 'To hell with you, you don't need a horse, you're going as fast as I!'"

"Now, Jews are like that! You're in the forefront of every movement, and yet you keep shouting for a lift. Justice? The Jew an eternal defender of Justice? Bunk! Jews have always crybabied about justice, but what they want is justice for themselves—a special and particularly pro-Jewish justice. That's not justice!"

FEW persons who have read the thrilling reports of Admiral Richard Byrd in the South Pole regions have been aware until recently that one of the members of his expedition was a Jew. For where are there no Jews? They were with Columbus, so why not with Byrd?

This one is named Benjamin Roth, and he is an expert mechanic, especially on air-cooled airplane motors. His life was seriously endangered in the antarctic seas when he fell through the ice, but was saved when Byrd himself dived in after him, both being rescued by other members of the crew.

"Roth, who is 38," says a recently syndicated article by Bernard Postal, "was left an orphan at the age of five. He traveled about from place to place, gradually drifting into mechanical jobs, and eventually becoming an airplane mechanic. When he was 24 he enlisted in the United States Army."

Two years ago Byrd asked army officials to recommend the best airplane mechanic in the field for the South Pole expedition. Unhesitatingly they named Benjamin Roth, then a technical sergeant. By the time the Byrd expedition had returned Roth had been promoted to master sergeant.

"Never an Orthodox Jew," continues the article, "he nevertheless made no attempt to disguise his Jewishness, but as a matter of fact gave every member of the crew to understand that he was proud of it. This open and above board attitude immediately won for him the respect and admiration of his fellow-adventurers, as it had won for him the upstanding name of 'a real Jew' while he was in the army. He carried with him a talith, tefilim, tsitsith, and a siddur, which were given him by his brother."

* * *

WE had the good fortune and the pleasure to spend an evening in Paris a couple of years ago with Irving Fineman. Now he is well along the road to fame. His first novel, "This Pure Young Man," has won the Longmans, Green $7,500 prize novel award.

Fineman's was one of those "strange metamorphoses" that we read about every day in the papers. He graduated from M. I. T. and Harvard as an engineer and taught that subject at the University of Illinois. For two years he was national president of Sigma Alpha Mu, and now one of his fraternity brothers, Allen E. Rivkin, has written stories about him in recent issues of the *American Hebrew* and the *Jewish Tribune*. Fineman's second novel is already written, he declares, and is on a Jewish theme.

"I have a theory that what makes the American Jew so wishy-washy about his religion is that he feels he has no background," Fineman tells Rivkin. "Still, that background *is* available. An intricately woven background, rich in life and color; with an unbroken perspective into the vista of the ages; with high lights and deep shadows; with heroic figures and epic tragedy. Against this background any Jew can feel his significance and hold up his head. Without it he can always be made to feel himself an upstart, unable to defend himself when others as ignorant as himself deny him his heritage. . . . Nor do I recommend, either for the relief of such wound, or for the edification of their assailants, that Jewish youth be exposed only to the more heroic and admirable figures and doings in Jewish history; let him have the whole story; let it be human, credible, and convincing, so that he feels it like a stout chain of links anchoring him to the ages. Nor would I have every Jewish youth an erudite Jewish historian. Let him even forget it; only that he once knew it is there—even as he learns and forgets about the Greeks of the age of Pericles and the Romans of Caesar's time. It is not primarily for his pride but for his peace. . . . "

Fineman, who has been hobo, lecturer, soldier, student, farm hand, longshoreman, hitch hiker, loafer, and struggling writer, was commissioned in 1928 by Sigma Alpha Mu, to investigate student conditions in Roumania. His report was read by him before the American Jewish Congress. He also spent some time in Palestine gathering material for a series of articles for the *New Palestine*. This fellow will bear watching.

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

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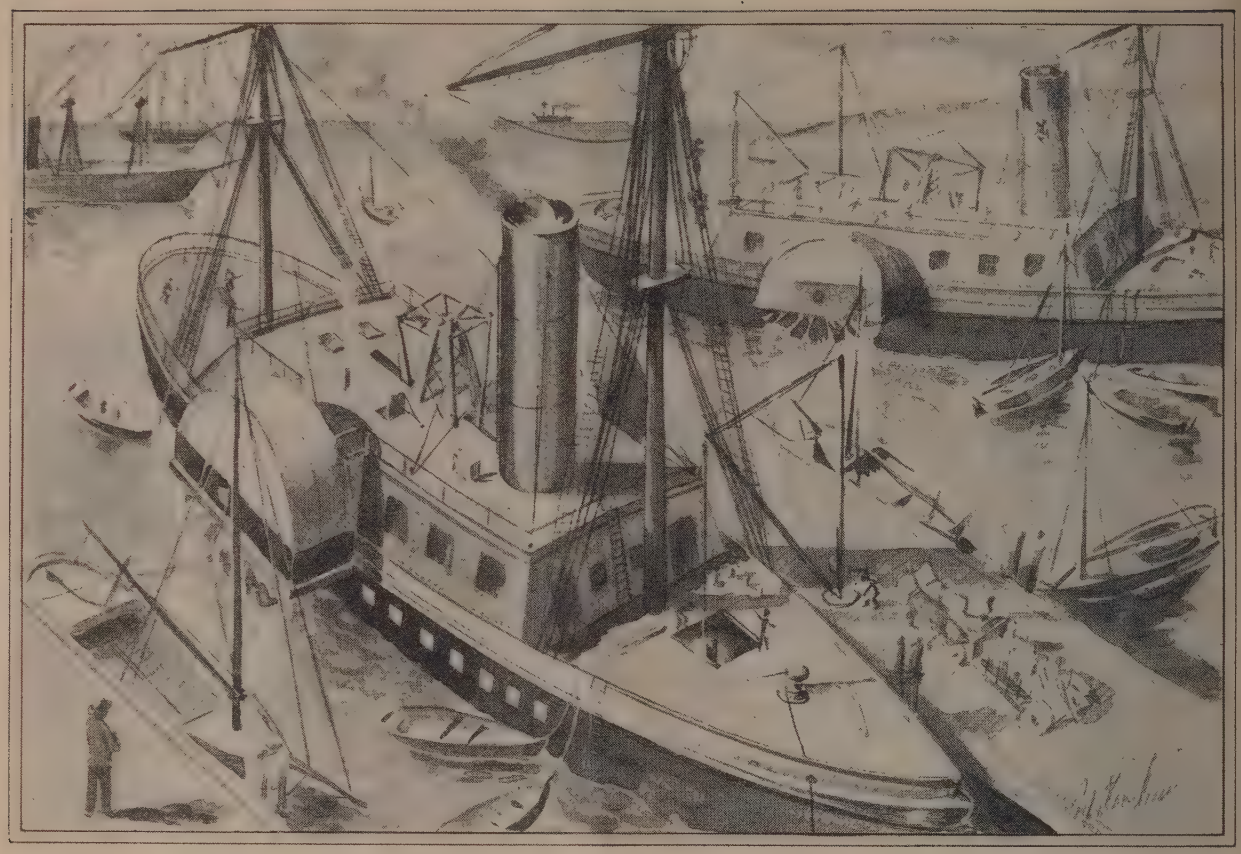

Benefactor Anonymous

By ALBERT J. SILVERMAN

CAPTAIN James H. Bulloch, naval agent in Europe for the Confederacy, standing in the yards of the Messrs. Laird, Liverpool shipwrights, chuckled softly as his keen eyes took in the scene of busy activity about him. Three more days, he had just been told—for the men were working night and day—and the rams would take to sea. A quick trip to the Bermudas where they would receive their armaments and crews, and then would occur a naval debacle such as the world had never seen. Every Yankee merchantman would be swept from the sea, and then the blockading fleets would be sent scurrying. Once this was accomplished, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia would be requisitioned and the securing of foreign recognition for the Confederacy would be a simple matter.

Dandies the rams were, too. As fast and as powerful as anything on the high seas—equal, if not actually superior, to anything in the British Navy. Admiringly, he gazed at the two vessels. With those heavy steel prows, and the formidable batteries with which they would soon be equipped and acting in concert, the corsairs would be invincible.

How Adams would fume and rage when the vessels would leave! Bulloch smiled broadly when he thought of the Yankee minister's complete impotency. Every fanatic move he had made had been effectively checkmated. The crowning bit of chicanery had been executed when, it having appeared that the perplexed Lord Russell was about to take action on Adams' desperate representations, he, Bulloch, had quietly gone to Paris and arranged for the transfer of the rams to foreign ownership.

Nor had this deal, in reality, been at all shady. On the contrary, the papers were formal, complete, and legal in every detail. The truth of the matter, however, was that once the ironclads were beyond British jurisdiction, they would be re-sold to the Confederate agents. The British Government was cognizant of this, but now held that to embargo the vessels

ALTHOUGH written in fictional form, this short story is completely based on fact. The incident it relates was one of those lesser known adventures of the Civil War, and indeed for many years it was kept entirely secret. Now it can be verified in Simon Wolf's "The American Jew as Patriot, Soldier, and Citizen" (Pages 87 to 97) and L. E. Chittenden's "Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration" (Chapter 25, Pages 197-203). Mr. Chittenden was the Register of the Treasury during the Civil War.—Ed.

as the Yankees demanded was to run the risk of being heavily mulcted for damages by a jury in the event that Adams failed to adduce sufficient evidence to prove his case. Moreover, such action would be clearly against public opinion. Wherefore, it appeared, the British authorities were determined to keep clear of the business.

Captain Bulloch keenly enjoyed the situation. He had worked indefatigably. At moments he had almost surrendered to despair. With surpassing skill he had made his plans and now he was about to see their fruition. Everything — the ineluctable recognition of the Confederacy—the lifting of the blockade—Boston, New York, Philadelphia in flames—the triumph of the Southern arms—all would be due to him. His name would reverberate down the corridors of history. The guerdon of the daring would be his.

A steam whistle on one of the precious rams pierced his lambent ruminations. Good! They were turning over the engines. He sighed happily. Just three more days! His step was buoyant and he whistled a sprightly tune as he turned into the Laird offices to tackle the business attending the departure of the vessels.

* * *

SITTING at his desk in his office, Charles Francis Adams, American Minister to the Court of St. James, fidgeted nervously with two papers. He was a middle-aged man, spare and above the average height. Attired in a dark suit which set off his pale, sharp-featured face, he presented a forbidding picture of outraged austerity. His normally thin lips were drawn in a tight line over his clenched teeth. A cold fury smouldered in his eyes.

With a febrile gesture he picked up the papers to re-read them. The first one was a telegram from his confidential agent in Liverpool who advised him that the rams in the Laird yards were being made ready for sea and would leave within three days. The second paper was a message from Lord Russell. Very politely it acknowledged Adam's last note and informed him that the British Government was ready to enforce a restraining order upon the Laird rams, and try the merits of his case in court, provided the American government would secure the contingency of damages caused by the Crown by a deposit of 1,000,000 pounds sterling in gold coin.

Adams carefully placed the papers in a file and sat with his head resting on his arms. He felt wan and tired. All hope was now gone. The cable was broken and without explicit permission he could not arrogate the authority to oblige his country to act as an indemnitor. There was a subtle idiocy about the situation. Why, he reflected bitterly, had Russell, a man whose probity was unquestioned, attached such a stipulation when it must have been patent to him that the American representative would not have sufficient time to act upon it? Better to have remained silent than to have engaged in such sheer buffoonery! Did not Russell know that the loosing of the two gunboats might precipitate a terrible conflict between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations? It was the grossest and most ghastly piece of connivance ever perpetrated!

Wearily Adams turned his gaze to the picture of Washington on the wall. He had fought a hard battle and had lost. What would they say at home? Incompetent! Basking beneath the ancestral laurels! But could anyone, he mused, have done better? Minutely, with eyes still on the haughty face of the foremost American, he began to review his conduct in office. From the very beginning his treatment in England had been the reverse of cordial. Socially, too, he had been received coldly. But when the English had been cold and reserved, he had even been colder and a little more reserved. At this game he had been naturally adept. During the Alabama crisis he had neither threatened nor blustered and, although the British authorities had conducted themselves as in opera bouffe, his protests, albeit strenuous, had been studiously dignified.

Then, too, when word had reached him of the Laird rams, he had left no stone unturned in his efforts to frustrate the rebels. Notwithstanding the secrecy which characterized all the Confederate activities in Great Britain, he had managed to collect and had laid before the English authorities indisputable proof of the rebel ownership of the vessels. Moreover, he had even procured copies of the contracts drawn by the rebels and the Lairds. Nor had the clever move of the enemy in exchanging the ownership of the vessels, and the resultingly new apathy of the British, discouraged him. Indeed, if anything, he had redoubled his efforts. Only recently, his agents had secured for him and he had set before Lord Russell affidavits of some of the men and officers enlisted in Liverpool for service on the rams. These affirmed that the vessels were to leave at an early date for an island near the Bermudas where they would receive their guns and enter into the Confederate service. In addition, he had sent to the Premier the complete roster of the ship's officers, together with copies of their commissions bearing the seal of the Confederacy and the signature of President Davis. It was this last batch of documents, preceded and followed by sundry notes, that had finally motivated Russell—had prompted him to employ this new artifice.

But what mattered it that he had striven so hard? His countrymen would only know that he had failed to avert the disaster that was about to befall them. And what of the country that had bred him? Had his failure sealed its doom?

Adam tore his eyes from the picture on the wall, rose from his seat and crossed heavily to the window. There came a knock at the door. Probably some newspaper man to torment him further, he thought. Without turning his head he called an invitation to enter.

One of his assistants entered, bearing a visiting card. A gentleman desired to see Mr. Adams. With a flicker of curiosity on his face, Adams took the card. It bore the name of a well-known Jewish citizen with whom he had some slight acquaintance. Adams sat down again at his desk and told the waiting assistant that he would see the gentleman.

In a moment or two the door opened to admit a quiet man with an unmistakably Hebraic face. Adams stiffly returned his salutation, motioned him to a chair, and looked at him inquiringly.

"Mr. Adams," the Jew began, in a well-bred voice, "the morning press announced that Lord Russell has finally decided to act upon your representation and impound the Laird rams, provided that you post a million pounds in gold with the authorities. That is true, is it not?"

Adams nodded grimly and his visitor went on, "And the vessels depart within three days, do they not?"

Although the Jew's tone was fastidiously courteous, somehow Adams was nettled. What could the fellow be driving at?

"Yes, in three days, and it's rather common knowledge, I think." Adams voice was icy.

The Jew appeared not to heed the rebuke. "Since it's rather obvious that you cannot furnish the money on so short a notice, I have come to proffer

my aid. With your permission I shall deposit one million pounds in gold to your credit."

Adams stared at the Jew incredulously. Highly unemotional by nature, the muscles of his face now twitched. Had he heard correctly? He paused to summon his faculties. He must proceed with care.

"You are offering to put a million in gold to my credit when you must be aware that I can have no security to offer you, sir?" he finally said in a strained voice. Hope and suspicion struggled for mastery within him.

"Yes," came the rejoinder in a low, clear voice.

"But why—why should you, an English citizen, offer to help a foreign country now in the throes of civil war?" Adams's tone was raspingly suspicious.

The Jew smiled whimsically at Adams. "I shall be very glad to tell you, Mr. Adams," he said in a composed voice.

"As a sensitive member of a race that has suffered unparalleled persecution," the Jew began, "I have a peculiar interest in your country. In your country, because at its very inception it courageously proclaimed liberty and equality to a world still wallowing in the trough of intolerance and bigotry. In your country, sir, because it has consistently and fearlessly adhered to these great humane principles. In your country, because the great document recently issued by your noble President marks the beginning of the end of the greatest blight of our civilization—human bondage. In your country, finally, because upon its uninterrupted growth and development rests the ultimate democratization of the world." The Jew's voice, vibrant with earnestness, paused for a moment and Adams, tense, his doubt discountenanced by the sincerity of the quiet Hebrew's sentiments, felt unaccustomed emotions welling in his throat.

"I have watched the progress of the war with the greatest concern," the Jew continued. "When the Union arms have triumphed, I have exulted; when your banners have trailed in defeat, I have desponded. You can then, I think, appreciate the agitation that I labored under when it became apparent, recently, that Russell purposed permitting the rams to escape. My own utter helplessness in the matter added no small whit to my dejection. And then, in this morning's press, I saw the foreign office's decision together with the conditions. Fancy my delight! The opportunity I had hoped for—nay, longed for—had arrived! I knew you had not the means of securing the money and so I came forthwith. Mr. Adams, will you accept my offer?"

Adams sprang to his feet, hauteur and dignity now forgotten. "By the Eternal, sir, you are a godsend," he cried in a choked voice. "I accept the offer in the same spirit of devotion that you have made it. And you shall have security, too. I pledge you my honor! I shall communicate with my government by the first post steamer that leaves and you shall be protected as soon as it returns. Nor will your extraordinary magnanimity go unnoticed, sir; my government shall get a complete account of this remarkable episode."

The Jew, smiling happily, raised his hand. "Tut, tut, Mr. Adams," he said cheerfully, "I am not at all perturbed over security. But if you will permit me, I do wish to impose a condition"—Adam's face registered wonderment as he waited for his guest to continue. "I must enjoin you," the Jew went on, "to make neither this transaction nor my name public. I desire to remain entirely anonymous. I trust that you and your government will respect my wish."

If Adams had been amazed before, he was now dumbfounded. It took him several moments to collect his wits. "I give you my earnest promise, sir," he finally responded solemnly, and there was new admiration in his eyes, "that your name will be made known only to those officers whose business it will be to properly execute the transaction." Then as an afterthought—"But the security—it will certainly be in bonds."

"That's easily taken care of," the modest Jew laughed; "have them send coupon bonds." He rose and extended his hand.

"Mr. Adams," he cried gayly, "within the hour I shall have the gold deposited to your credit and then you have only to press your claims in court—a matter the success of which I am entirely confident."

Words of the gratitude he felt leaped to Adams's tongue as he seized the hand of the Jew, but a lump in his throat made him inarticulate. Only his eyes bespoke his feelings. For a long moment before the Jew departed, the two men regarded one another with mutually silent appreciation above their clasped hands.

His benefactor gone, Adams resumed his seat at his desk. As he drew out paper and pen to write to Lord Russell, an exquisitely mixed feeling of relief and triumph began to steal over him. His brow was relaxed and his hand firm and strong as he wrote.

* * *

AGAIN Captain James H. Bulloch, C.S.N., was standing in the yards of the Messrs. Laird, Liverpool shipwrights. Twenty-four hours had wrought a total change in him. Gone were the springiness and aplomb of the morning before. Gone were the merry chuckle and the sprightly whistle. With eyes bloodshot and haggard, clothes wrinkled and awry, he stood gazing at the two heavily-guarded gun-boats. A stupified expression still hovered about his lips. "The Yankee outwitted me," he kept muttering to himself over and over again.

He moved about aimlessly. No, there was nothing he could now do. During almost all of the previous night there had been frantic conferences, but the British authorities were adamant and, instinctively, he knew that the vessels would never be released.

Yesterday morning he had laughed long and heartily when he had heard of Russell's absurd, last-minute proposition to Adams. With all his precious, nativity ingenuity, the Yankee would never raise the money, he had blithely told himself. That afternoon the vessels had been seized. Nothing could have staggered him more profoundly. How had Adams secured the money? Well, there was nothing he could now do save to pack and leave. His eye again embraced the two sequestered rams. "Dandies," he murmured. "Could sweep anything from the sea . . . ."

As Captain James H. Bulloch turned away, a mist obscured his vision. Blinking hurriedly, he left the yards.

LE MOMENT SUSPECT

[THE SUSPICIOUS MOMENT]

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your clé de nuit (night key) and are discovered trying to

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be nonchalant . . .

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THE PRINTED PAGE

RUSSIAN JEWISH WRITERS

Russian Literature and the Jew, by Joshua Kunitz (Columbia University Press).

MR. Kunitz's work augurs to become a classic. He has made an invaluable contribution to literature in general, to Russian literature in particular, and above all, to the problem of the Jewish subject matter in Gentile fiction. His intimate knowledge of Russian literature, coupled with his thorough acquaintance with the history of the Jews in Poland and Russia, qualify him admirably for his task. Add to these Mr. Kunitz's leaning toward the sociological school of literary criticism, and you will realize the manysided value of his book.

One closes the book with a sad feeling. Here we have the most potent literature of modern times, with a lofty humane message that makes it akin to the prophets of Israel, and what do we find its attitude toward the Jews to be? In the best cases it reveals ignorance; in the worst, malice. Such giants as Pushkin and Turgeniev depicted Jews as ridiculous scarecrows, in the tradition of medieval times; they hardly knew any Jews, if we do not count some pretty Jewesses in Pushkin's amourous record, and such distinguished Jews as the sculptor Antokolsky among Turgeniev's acquaintances in Paris. Dostoevsky, apostle of compassion for the humiliated and offended, drew only caricatures of Jews, both because of ignorance and because of his virulent chauvinism in national issues. Tolstoi held aloof from this subject, as he did whenever he did not feel well informed. The more modern writers, such as Korolenko, Chekhov, Gorki, Andreyev, and Kuprin, have on the whole endeavored to portray Jewish characters sympathetically, but as Mr. Kunitz points out, their Jews are more often than not too sweet and goody-goody to be flesh and blood individuals.

Mr. Kunitz contends that economic conditions dictated the prevailing treatment of Jews in literature. Thus, the most venomous Judeophobia appeared in fiction during the 1870's, along with the growth of Jewish capitalism. Even in Soviet fiction, Mr. Kunitz claims, one finds anti-Jewish sentiments since the inauguration of the NEP and the conspicuous display of Jewish neo-bourgeois. While there is factual truth in his thesis, one must remember that conscious and malignant anti-Semitism has been evinced only by second rate authors in Russia, whose influence, though pernicious, is skin-deep.

One arrives at the inevitable conclusion that the Jewish subject can be handled adequately only by Jewish writers. Of such there is an encouraging number in Soviet Russia today.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

* * *

GUTTER TO STARS

Aaron Traum, by Hyman and Lester Cohen (Liveright), $2.50.

"A STORY that will take its place in the heart of the world." For once a publisher's jacket blurb is right. It is easy to grow enthusiastic about this book; it is a great novel, gripping, significant, filled with the wonder and mystery of life, and the peculiar flavor of Jewishness of a boy whose very name is the German for "dream."

Truly it is the story of a man who began in the gutter and ended with the stars. Aaron Traum, eleven years old, of a long and honorable family of rabbis, scholars, artists, comes to New York from Russia to work in the sweat shops; to starve through strikes; to battle cops and scabs; to learn wisdom and knowledge through long, painstaking years of self-education; to be beaten down to earth a hundred times in a hundred different ways; to know false love and true; to be torn by promethean vultures of doubt and bafflement; and finally, in his late twenties, to find himself. "The world made place for him," wrote the co-authors, who are father and son.

So many books have been written on the trials and tribulations of Jewish immigrants, but none that can approach "Aaron Traum." It is more than that; it is the "Mauve Decade" and "The Turn of the Century" and the writings of liberal economists and political scientists all mixed up with the artistic integrity of two authors supremely equipped for their trade. The mass of detail, the absorbing interest of incident, the character delineations (literally hundreds of variegated characters, the flotsam and jetsam of the old East Side, all finely etched, pass in procession before the reader) and the well-knit unity of the book make it a modern master-piece—certainly the best of the year so far. It is similar to the best touches of Maugham's "Of Human Bondage," Jack London's "Martin Eden," and Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" while maintaining a complete and refreshing originality.

"Aaron Traum" should take its place in the heart of the world. If it doesn't, *tant pis pour le monde.*

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

* * *

GHETTO LIFE

The Street of Chains, by Lilian Lauferty (Harpers), $2.50.

PERHAPS the best thing about Lilian Lauferty's first novel is its title, "The Street of Chains." She refers, of course, to the chains which hung at the ends of the twisted streets of the Frankfort Ghetto in the days of the first Rothschilds; these banker princes are surely her proteges and it is the story of their fictional descendants which forms the plot of a vivid and exciting novel of our own day.

Miss Lauferty is the great granddaughter of Hannah Rothschild who left the Street of Chains to marry a non-Jew. In the story her descendent pens, this lovely rebel becomes a valiant and unforgettable figure; but her great granddaughters, perhaps penned from life, are less convincing. The story of Tressa's marriage, like so many similar examples of intermarriage, does not ring true; any woman would have been unhappy with the "codfish" of a husband this dazzling oriental chose. Her Jewish heritage was only another contributing factor to the family mix-up.

However, this is a rattling good story. It holds the reader's interest from the first paragraph to the unexpected finale; it is sparklingly written and should set both Jewish and non-Jewish readers to wondering whether any of us are really free or whether even the most emancipated modern is not burdened with the chains of an ancestry he cannot ignore.

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

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NEWS OF THE LODGES

DELEGATES from eight midwestern states and Canadian provinces attended the annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 6 at Madison, Wis., in July. William Sultan, Chicago, was elected President; Harry Lashkowitz, Fargo, N. D., First Vice-President; Sam Beber, Omaha, Second Vice-President; Otto G. Felton, Chicago, Secretary; and William Bensinger, St. Louis, Treasurer.

Solomon Levitan

Solomon Levitan, State Treasurer of Wisconsin for many terms, and the present incumbent of that office, who is also a Past President of District Grand Lodge No. 6, was signally honored at the convention when he was presented with an engrossed testimonial plate. Others honored because they have done much "to level antagonism between Jew and Gentile because of their splendid characters" were Louis Behr of Rockford, Ill., former University of Wisconsin athlete and student President of the Wisconsin B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, who in 1928 was awarded the Kenneth Sterling Day cup for "the most Christian character shown by a student"; and the late Israel Shrimski, Chicago lawyer.

Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Secretary of the Order, delivered the principal address, in which he explained the purposes and work of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, and also spoke briefly of the importance of economic discrimination against the Jew in America as a present day problem.

* * *

Two vitally important issues facing American Jewry were discussed at the 67th annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 4 in San Diego, in July.

Harry L. Cohen, Long Beach, Calif., proposed that a commission be inaugurated by B'nai B'rith to study the causes of friction between Reform, Conservative, and Orthodox elements in American Jewry with a view of breaking down the prejudices that exist among them. A committee of five was appointed to confer with other B'nai B'rith districts on this matter.

Judge I. M. Golden, chairman of the district Anti-Defamation League, stated in his annual report that within the past ten years there has been a growing economic boycott against Jews seeking employment in large banking and commercial houses of the country. He declared that the Anti-Defamation Commission of B'nai B'rith ought to conduct a scientific investigation into all phases of this matter, and called upon other Jewish groups to co-operate in this investigation.

Rabbi Samuel Koch, Seattle, Wash., was elected President of the District; Sigmund Lipman, Los Angeles, First Vice-President; Jack Findling, Salt Lake City, Second Vice-President; Harry K. Wolfe, San Francisco, Treasurer; and, for his eighth term, Richard Gutstadt, San Francisco, Secretary.

* * *

"FOR his numerous virtues and good works his memory will ever be precious and sacred in our midst," declared the B'nai B'rith Council of the State of New Jersey in a resolution eulogizing the late Judge Josiah Cohen, Pittsburgh philanthropist and eminent Ben B'rith for many years, who died in June.

"He ever practised during his life the three great principles of our Order —Benevolence, Brotherly Love, and Harmony. As a leading citizen in his own municipality he was widely known as a promoter of good government, participating in every movement for the public good. As an American he always upheld the land of his adoption during every crisis, making all possible sacrifices to evidence his love, loyalty, and devotion."

* * *

M. WINSBERG, a member of Alexandria (La.) Lodge No. 240, played a leading part in an event of great interest and importance to the community of Opelousas, La., recently. Brother Winsberg is president of Temple Emanuel of that town, and officially received the keys at the formal dedication of the new building. He also performed the symbolic ritual of lighting the perpetual lamp.

GEORGE SUGARMAN, Judge Advocate of Rogers Park Post, American Legion, has been installed as Chef de Gare of La Societe des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, the honor society of the American Legion. He is Chief Assistant City Prosecutor of Chicago, and active in Jewish affairs, being one of the organizers of North Shore Lodge No. 1056, B'nai B'rith, and former secretary of that lodge.

George Sugarman

Brother Sugarman has the distinction of being the first Jew to be elected to the position of Chef de Gare.

* * *

SIMON LESHNER, one of the model youths at the B'nai B'rith Home for Children at Erie, Pa., started on the road to scholarship success when he won a spelling bee several years ago. Today he leads the senior class, because he received A's in all his studies. Judge Joseph L. Kun of Philadelphia, Past President of District No. 3, has promised to take the lad in charge after he completes his pre-medical training and will pay for his tuition and board in the medical school of the College of the City of New York.

When Simon entered the Home some years ago he was a frail, anemic youngster. Today, 16 years old, he measures five feet 11 inches and tips the scale at 138 pounds. He has participated in practically all major sports, being at one time a member of an undefeated Erie County basketball team.

His record is a source of pride to Isador Sobel, President of the Home, and the other officers, who at present are engaged in conducting a $250,000 campaign in District No. 3 for guaranteeing the Home's future.

* * *

MEMBERS of Beth Horon Lodge No. 599, Kansas City, Kans., turned out in large numbers to hear an interesting good will program in their city recently. Brother Joseph Cohen spoke on "If I Were a Christian," while Dr. Robert A. Hunt, pastor of the Washington Avenue Methodist Church, where the meeting was held, spoke on "If I Were a Jew."

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ACROSS THE SEAS

ONE of the most important enterprises in the history of the Palestine Grand Lodge is its recent founding of an Academy of the Hebrew Language. B'nai B'rith in Palestine was the first organization to urge the establishment of Hebrew as a living tongue, and now this Academy crowns more than 40 years of effort in that direction.

This institution will try to acquire and to centralize all the best scientific and creative forces of the Hebrew language, will search and investigate our rich literary treasures of many centuries, and will reveal the hidden forces of our ancient language, as well as its possibilities. It will enrich the Hebrew tongue with proper, precise, and developed forms and terms, and will create the words and expressions according to its spirit and structure. An Academic Council, entirely independent of the actual research work, will conduct this undertaking.

For 40 years the B'nai B'rith in Palestine conducted all their meetings in Hebrew, and was the first institution to make Hebrew the official language. The Order also established the Jewish National Library in Jerusalem, and laid the cornerstone for the Hebrew Schools in Palestine. It paved the way for establishing Hebrew as a living tongue by establishing the first kindergartens in Jerusalem, which served as an example and incentive to the other towns and colonies.

Another fine achievement of the Palestine Grand Lodge is the "Achusath B'nai B'rith," or B'nai B'rith Garden City, located in a beautiful subdivision just outside of Jerusalem. Here an ideal residential section is slowly being built by brethren with loans from the House-Building Fund. The cornerstone was laid in April, 1929, and already seven houses have been built, and ten more are nearing completion. The Arab attacks of last August seriously interrupted the work, which was, however, recommenced in January of this year. It is planned to build eight more houses beginning this summer.

A typical home in the B'nai B'rith Garden City.

THE B'nai B'rith City Library in Jerusalem was dedicated last month. President Alfred M. Cohen received a cable from Dr. David Yellin, president of the Palestine District Grand Lodge, voicing the appreciation of the people of Jerusalem for the Order's support, which made possible the Library.

Four years after the founding of Jerusalem Lodge, in 1888, it established a library. At the outbreak of the war, the 32,000 books contained therein crowded the old building. After the war was over it became the National Library of Palestine, under the joint control of the Jerusalem Lodge and the Zionist Organization. With the founding of the Hebrew University in 1925, the Library became the National and University Library. Thus, when the Wolfsohn Memorial Library of the Hebrew University was dedicated in April of this year, most of the books were transferred from the B'nai B'rith City Library up to Mount Scopus, and the citizens of the town were deprived of the benefit they had been enjoying so many years.

The Executive Committee of the Order thereupon voted the necessary funds to make possible a separate library for Jerusalem proper. It is housed in the original library building which now also serves as the home of Jerusalem Lodge.

* * *

A BEAUTIFUL reception was held recently by Shanghai Lodge No. 1102, B. B., in honor of the Lodge President, George E. Sokolsky, and his wife, who have left China for a visit to the United States. Members of the lodge, their ladies, and many friends attended the affair.

Brother Sokolsky was born in Russia, reared in the United States, and has spent the past 13 years in China as the representative of many important corporations. He is an expert on international policies in the Far East. During his present visit he has lectured at the University of Chicago, and will also address the Williamstown Institute of Politics, at Williams College, Mass.

* * *

THE Social Service Committee of the First Lodge of England has drawn up a panel of men and women willing to engage in communal work. The Welfare Committee of the United Synagogue, in its after-care work in connection with Jewish discharged prisoners, is anxious to obtain employment for selected cases of discharged prisoners, and sought the aid of the District Grand Lodge in this endeavor at the latter's meeting in Liverpool June 29.

Another important matter discussed at the Grand Lodge convention was an alleged disadvantage of Jews seeking positions in the various professions and in business houses. A special committee of the First Lodge of England is investigating this charge, and asked the District Grand Lodge to prosecute similar enquiries. The special committee is approaching important business houses, agencies, and individuals, asking for their experience in endeavoring to secure positions for Jews in such houses, in the more important schools, or in hospitals.

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(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

B. B. Auxiliary, Honolulu

The following letter was received by Mr. Arthur Williams, of Charleston, S. C., who forwarded it to the B'nai B'rith Magazine in the belief that it would prove of general interest to members of the Order.

"My mother, Mrs. Salmousen, has mentioned that you were interested in the Women's Auxiliary, B'nai B'rith, in Honolulu. I am first going to give you a brief sketch of conditions as they exist here. There are very few Jewish families in this community; for a long time we have had a representative of the Jewish Welfare Board visit us periodically in the absence of a rabbi. The civilian population has keenly felt the lack of spiritual guidance; several attempts were made to organize some sort of group here, but none was successful. Finally the men decided that a B'nai B'rith lodge was what they wanted, so the women agreed to co-operate and form an auxiliary. District Grand Lodge No. 4 was consulted and as a result the Secretary, Richard E. Gutstadt, and Mrs. Gutstadt, were sent over to organize these two lodges on the evening of May 22. A joint installation was held in the blue room of the Alex Young Hotel with Brother Gutstadt as presiding officer and Sister Gutstadt as mistress of ceremonies for the auxiliary. As we did not have any regalia or badges, we were invested with Leis (Hawaiian for a garland, usually made of flowers or bright crepe paper) of orange paper.

"Brother Gutstadt, who is a most able speaker, told us of the many things B'nai B'rith and its auxiliaries are doing throughout the world, and outlined what we could do in our community. The ceremony was simple but very impressive."

Isabelle Salmousen King.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

* * *

Colonel Noble B. Judah

Sir:

On March 19, 1930, I sent to Colonel Noble B. Judah of this city the following letter:

"The B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, which is the official organ of the B'nai B'rith, in its issue of February, 1930, contains on page 174 the following reference to yourself: 'Noble B. Judah, a native of Illinois and a gentleman of Jewish extraction of whom little else is known.' Reference to your Jewish origin have been made in the Jewish press from time to time and I shall therefore appreciate it greatly if you will kindly let me know whether or not this information is based on fact.

RABBI S. FELIX MENDELSOHN."

Temple Beth Israel, Chicago.

In reply to this letter Colonel Judah wrote to me on March 22:

"The information that my name is Noble B. Judah is based on fact. The information that I am a native of Illinois is based on fact. Whether or not 'of whom little else is known' is based on fact, depends perhaps upon whose knowledge is in question and how broad it is. The information that I am of Jewish extraction is not correct."

Employment Discrimination

Sir:

I desire to call to your attention a matter of grave importance to the Order, and more especially to those of us who are members of District Grand Lodge No. 1. I have been an active member of B'nai B'rith since the war.

There is more discrimination here in New York than anywhere in the country against our brethren by employment agencies, by Gentile employers, bankers, financiers, commercial houses of note, and public service corporations. It is time that we take notice of the fact, and no longer ignore it. If we do not lead in a movement to do away with this situation we should join with others in such a movement. It is our duty to bring this matter out in the open, fight for a remedy for it, and put an end to the unjust discrimination now prevalent.

I believe that if we take an active and leading part in movements of this kind that will lead to the amelioration and correction of conditions and abuses as mentioned before we will gain in strength, interest, and importance; we will find a place for ourselves and our activity in the community in which District No. 1 is located.

New York City. Joseph Berman.

* * *

Ludwig Lewisohn's Jewishness

Sir:

Your contributor, Mr. Harold Berman, is unfair to a very high degree towards the Jewish author, Ludwig Lewisohn, in his article, "American Jewish Literature and Literateurs" in your April issue of this year. That Lewisohn has discovered his Jewishness at a rather late period of his life is not his fault. His parents, who grew up in an assimilationist environment and who believed in assimilation —ignorant as they were of the meaning of Judaism to the thinking Jew of this generation—were responsible for that. Nobody who has read Lewisohn's "Up Stream," "The Island Within," "Israel," and particularly "Mid-Channel" *with an open mind* will be so unfair as to even presume the possibility that Lewisohn's "pendulum may yet swing back to the other extreme—to assimilation and utter indifference to things Jewish—tomorrow or the day after, for all we know." How about Herzl, Nordau, Brandeis? Who would have had the appalling lack of understanding, the infinite superficiality, to doubt the genuineness of the convictions of these Jews who—just as Lewisohn—also discovered their Jewishness in a late and even very late period of their life?

And to say that Lewisohn "knows as yet precious little of Judaism and the Jewish faith" is nothing less than a falsehood. Even rabbis, with whom I discussed the last chapter of "Mid-Channel" have uttered their agreeable surprise and even delight about the knowledge of, the deep insight into the meaning of Judaism which Lewisohn has shown in this chapter. If we Jews see no objection in treating our brothers in such an unjust way, how can we expect the Gentile to be just toward us? "What does the Lord require of Thee, O, Mr. Berman, but to do justice?"

Flushing, New York. A. Van Son.

Addenda

Sir:

I am writing to supplement the article, "Jews in American Diplomacy," by Leon Spitz, which appeared in your February, 1930, issue.

My late partner and father-in-law, Simon Wolf, was appointed Consul General to Egypt by President Garfield July 1, 1881—the last official act which that President performed before he was shot the next morning by Guiteau. In making the appointment, the President sent for Mr. Wolf and said that he had determined to send him to Egypt "as a representative of the youngest Republic to one of the oldest countries on earth."

Of course Mr. Wolf had many other distinctions, which it was unnecessary to recount in your article. He was also President of the Order of Kesher Shel Barzel, but probably his greatest distinction was the fact that he lived continuously in Washington since 1862 and was on intimate terms with every President of the United States from that date down to the time of his death, regardless of the political convictions of the incumbent.

Your reference to Mr. Peixotto in the same article also brings to my mind historical facts. There was no Consulship at Roumania but because of Jewish conditions there, Mr. Wolf urged Congress to create the office and it was largely through him that Peixotto was appointed. President Grant considered Mr. Wolf an intimate friend.

It may be interesting to you to know that Mr. Wolf's only surviving son, now for more than 25 years a Justice of the Supreme Court of Porto Rica, is Adolph Grant Wolf, born in January, 1869, and whose Brith-Melah President Grant attended.

Washington, D. C. MEYER COHEN.

* * *

Likes April Number

Sir:

After reading the April number of the B'nai B'rith Magazine, I wanted to sit right down and thank you and congratulate the Order that it could produce such a masterful number.

Somehow I slipped up on my intent, but I take this opportunity to do so now, and also to say how fine the May issue, which I am now reading, also is.

Edward J. Bernstein, M. D.

Detroit, Mich.

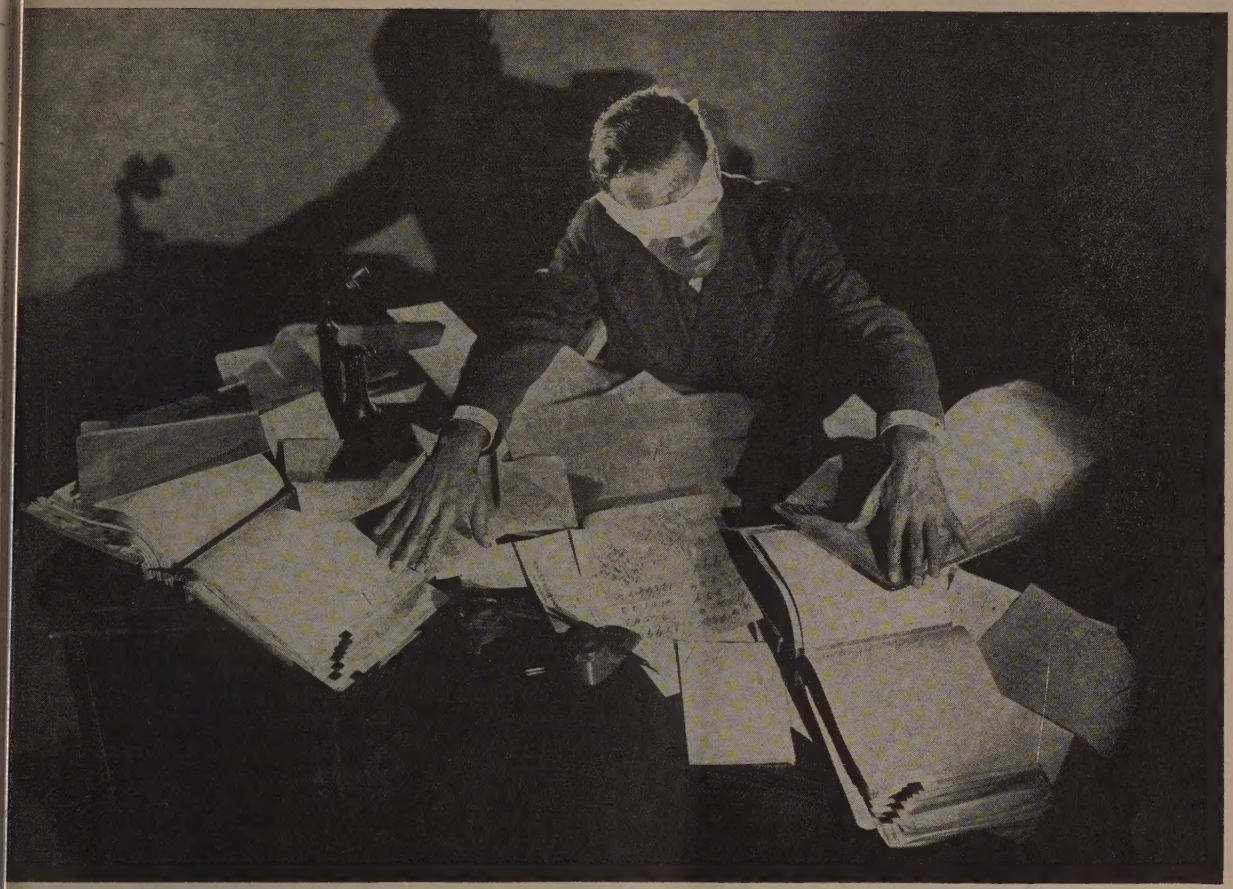
* * *

"The Ideal Home Magazine"

Sir:

Although I am only a new member in B'nai B'rith, I have come into contact with its accomplishments at the University of Illinois, where I attended school. While there, my interest in the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation gave me a profound respect for the Order that was supporting such a worthy project, as well as for the B'nai B'rith Magazine, of which I can only speak with the highest praise. I feel that the Magazine contains something for everyone; its variety of Jewish topics; its prominent staff of journalists; and its impartiality make it the ideal Jewish home magazine, in my estimation.

Waukegan, Ill. Harry P. Breger.



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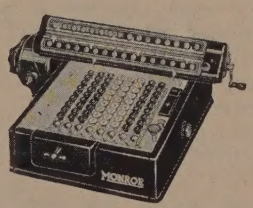

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NEW books are awarded to all whose jokes are accepted and printed on this page. Winners this month are Mrs. Boris Brutskus, Berlin Germany; A. E. Silverstone, Southport, England; and Miss Ruby Friedman, Montreal, Can.

A Matter of Ideals

OLD Yosel was begging along a business street in a Jewish neighborhood. A stranger in the city stood and watched him for a time, noticing that he spoke with friendliness to most of the people who passed. Finally an elderly woman paused before Yosel and engaged him in a long conversation. When she moved away from him the stranger went up to her curiously.

"Do you know that beggar personally?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the woman, "he's my mother's cousin."

"Ah," murmured the stranger, "that's too bad. Hasn't he any children who can help him?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered the woman, "but Yosel—well, you see—he wants to be independent."

* * *

Aim for Higher Things

CHAIM had worked for many painful years in the little German village of his birth, and finally, by dint of much sacrifice, had saved up some money. He had always dreamed of some day going to Berlin, and so to Berlin he went. He had to husband his money very carefully, to make it last as long as possible, so the first thing he did was to seek out an inexpensive hotel.

"What are the prices here?" he asked the clerk of the first hotel he came to.

"All rooms on the first floor are 50 marks," replied the clerk. "Rooms on the second floor are 40 marks; on the third floor, 30; and on the top floor, 20."

"That's too bad," grumbled Chaim, making ready to leave. "Your hotel is not high enough for me."

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Wanted: A Brick Wall

MORRIS and Meyer were seated at a table in a restaurant in Prague. Morris nudged Meyer at the entrance of a tall American, who sat down several tables away from them.

"Do you see that stranger?" Morris whispered excitedly. "It is claimed he understands any language, but answers only in English. He looks like a fine gentleman, doesn't he, but in reality he is a rude fellow. Yesterday I had proof of it."

"How do you know?" asked Meyer. "Do you speak English now?"

"No," Morris continued to whisper, "but yesterday I went to his hotel room to make him a business proposition. I had hardly finished talking when, without saying a word, he took me by the neck and firmly pushed me out of the room."

"Well?" queried Meyer, smiling, "what of it?"

"What of it?" exclaimed Morris angrily. "He didn't say a word, I tell you! Now how am I to know what he thinks of my proposition?"

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He Lives in Hopes

"IS it true, Mr. Aronson, what people are saying about you?"

"And what are people saying about me?"

"That your cashier has run away with the cash and your daughter."

"Yes, alas! it is true. But, thank God, he has already returned me part of what he took."

"Ah, how much did he return? All?"

"No, so far, only the daughter."

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He Spoke with an Accent

MOSES MENDELSSOHN, the great German philosopher and emancipator of German Jewry of the 18th century, was a comrade and friend of the emperor, Frederick the Second.

On one occasion when Frederick had invited him to dine, Mendelssohn came late. The company was already assembled at a sumptuous feast, and Frederick was raging and fuming because Mendelssohn had not y shown up. Finally the philosoph was seen entering at the door in t opposite end of the enormous pala room.

Frederick, in his anger, wrote a slip of paper, *"Mendelssohn ist narr,"* signed it, and told a waiter give the note to the latecomer. Me delssohn read the note silently, a without a word placed it in his pock

"No, no!" Frederick called out, i ritated. "Read the note, Mende sohn; read it aloud."

Mendelssohn slowly took the no from his pocket, while the compa looked on, expecting some fun. Th the philosopher read aloud:

"Mendelssohn ist *ein* narr, Freidri der *Zweite*."

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Utilitarianism

TWO Jews, one from a small vi lage in Poland, and the other fro London, were discussing the merits their respective native places.

"How many Jews are there in yo village?" asked the Londoner.

"One hundred."

"And how many goyim?"

"About 20."

"How do the 20 make a living amon so many Jews?"

"Easily. They carry parcels, mak fires on Shabbus, and make themselve useful in many different ways."

Then the Polish Jew asked:

"And how many Jews are there London?"

"About 150,000."

"And are there any goyim, too?"

"Of course," the other laughed "nearly 7,000,000 of them."

"My, oh my!" exclaimed the naiv Polish Jew. "Why do you need s many goyim for only 150,000 Jews?"

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Journey's End

GROSSMAN: "I started out, afte I graduated from college, on th theory that the world had on openin for me."

Goldstein: "And you found it?"

Grossman: "Well, rather! I'm i the hole now."